

Independent

WOMAN

APRIL, 1948

Painting by William R. Leigh



**This is Where You're
Going!**

by Belle Krasne

Window of Democracy

by William D. Holden

Lady of the Notebook

by Anne Morehead

Going to Mexico?

by Kathryn Dayton Aurner

VOLUME 27

NUMBER 4



David W. Corson, A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.

GREEN BANNERS

by Helen Virden

Now Spring begins to fly her brave, green flags;

The small bulbs push slim fingers through black earth,
Soft moss starts sprawling over rocky crags;
Dun-colored grass once more reveals its worth.
A rush of vivid life to tall limbed trees
That throw their arms across a country road
And listen to the whisper of the breeze
That lispng, speaks to them a secret code.

Now in cross-country ditches and in ponds
The stagnant water floats a yellow-green
And small leaves of the windflower and the fronds
Of mottled adder's-tongue are bright sateen.
The leafing of tall trees, each small green shoot
Are standards every nation can salute.

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THE PICTURE ON THE COVER . . .

The early American career woman that we present as our cover girl for this issue of Independent Woman is from a painting entitled "The Pottery Merchant" by the famous painter of Indian Life, William R. Leigh. With other paintings of the Indians of the Southwest, it will be on view during April 13-24 at an exhibition of the artist's work at the Grand Central Art Galleries at the Grand Central Terminal in New York

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1948

Biennial

This is Where You Are Going by Belle Krasne	98
Texas to Entertain in Rootin'-Tootin' Western Style	111
Going to Mexico? by Katbryn Dayton Aurner	112

Women of Achievement

Pilot-Politico by Aida Thompson	101
Window of Democracy by William D. Holden	102

Widening Our Horizons

What Price Peace?	109
-------------------	-----

They-Used-Their-Heads Department

They "Dude" It! by Anne Tobin	104
----------------------------------	-----

On the Career Front

Lady of the Notebook by Anne Morehead	106
--	-----

Personality Build-up

Harness Your Frustrations by Jean Griffith Bengé	119
---	-----

Meeting Community Needs

To Develop National Ten-Year Health Program	120
---	-----

Comment on Recent Books

Of Nations and Their Builders by Margaret Wallace	115
--	-----

Washington

Our Stand on Equal Pay Presented by Geneva F. McQuatters	117
---	-----

What's New in the Shops

This Month by Dorothy B. Scranton	121
--------------------------------------	-----

Poetry

Green Banners by Helen Virden	Frontispiece
Woodland Ways by Queena Davison Miller	116

Federation

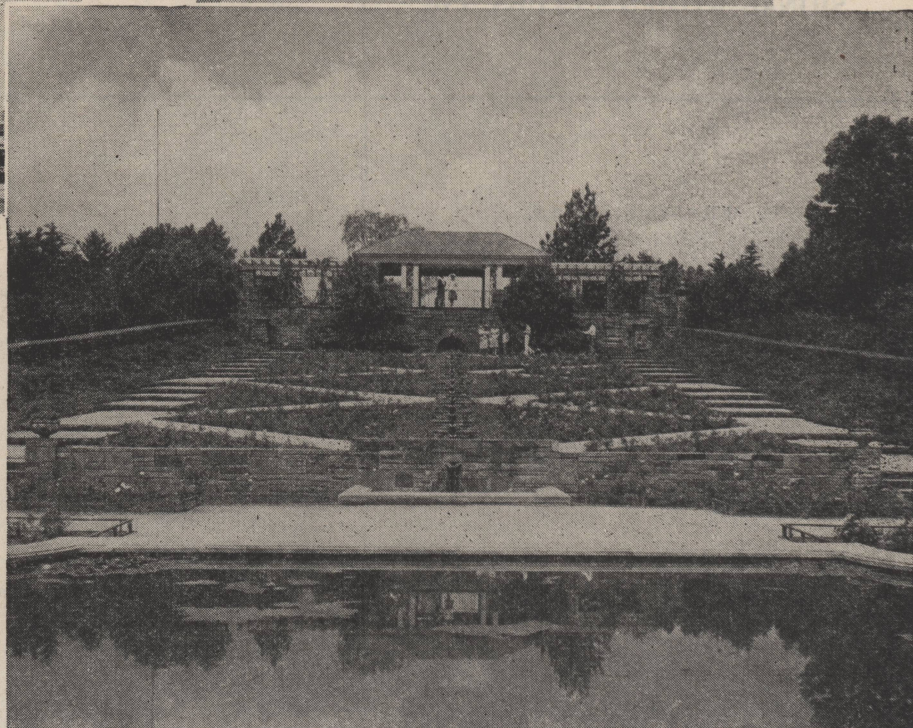
BPW Leaders Prominent in the Red Cross by Faye Marley	108
To Chart the Next Century of Women's Progress	118
The Bulletin Board	126
It's Up to You by Lillian T. Majally	128
Please Add to Candidate Data in Your March Issue	128



This impressively modern building is the passenger station at which you will alight if you travel to the convention by train



(Above) Aerial view of Fort Worth's Municipal Airport located at Meacham Field.
(At right) The Botanic Garden in Trinity Park contains more than 150,000 specimens



This is where you are going

BY BELLE KRASNE

*Photographs courtesy of
Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce*

You won't have to worry about Indians if you're going to be in Texas for the National Federation's biennial convention this July, but ninety-nine years ago they might have been a real menace. Running into a garish, tomahawk-wielding redskin, you could rest assured that he was painted up for war and not for the movies. Back at that time, to meet the very practical threat of Indian uprisings, General Winfield Scott dispatched a small group of United States Dragoons to North Central Texas with orders to establish an army post.

The bluff overlooking the confluence of the Clear and West Forks of the Trinity River, which these men chose as the site for the new post is, today, part of a city of one hundred square miles with a population of well over 300,000. The city, then Camp Worth, is now Fort Worth—the largest terminal grain market, largest livestock market, and largest meat processing center in the South, and also one of the four great oil centers of the world. It is known far and wide as the convention city of the Southwest. Incidentally, it is *your* convention city.

What this means for you is that your reception will be a warm and genial one, in the true "Welcome stranger" tradition of the Southwest. Fort Worth provides all the conveniences and accommodations for the convention that the most exacting convention-goer could require. The city can be reached easily by train, bus, or



Against the brilliant aquamarine blue of the Texas sky with its puffs of downy white clouds, Fort Worth's skyscraping "cathedrals of commerce" stand out in bold relief

plane. Her fine modern hotels are ready to serve you.

Situated in the immediate vicinity of two city parks is the Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum and Auditorium in which all the convention sessions will be held. It is, to be sure, some fifteen minutes ride by bus or car from the center of the city where the hotels where you will be staying are grouped, but we are assured that the Fort Worth Club is making arrangements for entirely adequate transportation facilities.

This structure is, in itself, something to see. The vast Coliseum area serves as a setting for the rodeos in which Texas delights, horse and automobile shows, sports and athletic contests and an infinite variety of community gatherings. Its seating capacity, normally 6,000, can be extended to 14,000.

OUR sessions will be held in the part known as the Auditorium which is not only beautiful in the most modern manner, but beautifully modern in the sense that it offers all the most up-to-the-minute appointments for the holding of a convention, including air conditioning and a refreshment area where you will be able to get your luncheon without leaving the building.

THOUGH its physical features have changed almost completely, there is still much of the spirit of the frontier outpost in Fort Worth. A stone's throw from this big little-city, the rival little big-city of Dallas makes her neighbor's rugged quality more apparent. Where Dallas is smoothly sophisticated, a veritable high-fashion designing and buying center of the country, Fort Worth is story-book Texas in the pistol-packing tradition, with all the toughness and dash of cow-country and rodeos, ranchers and drugstore cowboys, ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots. Dallas is where the East ends; Fort Worth, where the West begins. However, for all her easy-gaited, Western character, Fort Worth is becoming one of the key producing cities of the Southwest. This is figure and fact, not just flavor.

In the blending of town and prairie, the wheels of industry are furiously turning. As a result of the development of the oil industry, there has been a mushroom growth in and around the Fort Worth of today. Oil field tools, drilling rigs, tanks and pumps are manufactured locally; and other industries produce cottonseed oil, furniture, garments, cement, candy, and miscellaneous food products. West Texas has a wealth of

raw materials to offer Fort Worth; excellent transportation facilities deliver the goods to her doorstep. The entire Southwest is her marketplace, and today it's an exceptional one because that area, stirred by the production and activities of the war, has grown by leaps and bounds.

Livestock naturally goes hand in hand with stock-farming; but actually, Fort Worth can produce any agricultural product that thrives in a semitropical or temperate climate. Cotton, corn, wheat, oats and forage are her principal crops; there are however, plantings of canteloupes, watermelons, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beets and spinach amounting to more than 100,000 acres each year. So, if production of the staples of life is of interest to you—oil, manufactured goods, livestock, processed meats, agricultural produce—Fort Worth has it, and it's there for you to inspect.

IN the land of the "wide open spaces," you would expect to find a climate suitable for outdoor life. And so it is. Fort Worth is blessed with long, sunny days—which, to be sure, you, as a visitor, may not regard as an unmitigated blessing in midsummer. We are assured, however, that there are always cooling breezes from the Gulf of Mexico, and that air conditioning is general in hotels and restaurants. While daytime temperatures are high, the nights are cool and comfortable. Nevertheless, July is still July in Texas, so be prepared with plenty of changes of your most summery summer clothes.

At any rate, you won't have to worry about malaria or contagious diseases; these are rare indeed in this salubrious climate. The health record, in fact, is one thing of which Fort Worth is especially proud, and she attributes its excellence in part to the climate, in part to the modern department of health and welfare which is maintained and staffed by the city.

Since Fort Worth's climate gets people out-of-doors, the city has seen to it that recreational facilities are available to her people. In whatever time you can steal from your crowded convention schedule, there will be plenty for you to do if you are energetic, plenty for you to see if you are adventurous. The city boasts forty-seven parks covering an area of 10,400 miles. Trinity Park is less than a mile from the business center, and throughout Trinity, Rock Springs and Forest Parks are miles of bridle and bicycle paths. All year round, four municipal and five private golf courses are available. Swimming pools and tennis courts are located throughout the city, and at Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum an ice-skating rink has been installed at a cost of \$100,000.

As for the less active pursuits: if you've come to Fort Worth via the barren prairie expecting to settle down in a bed of cactus, you'll be cheered by a visit to the Botanic Garden in Rock Springs Park, one of the prides of Fort Worth and one of her most picturesque features; and you'll also want to investigate three scenic, artificial lakes which provide boating and fishing facilities. A drive along the shores of these lakes, where innumerable summer colonies have sprung up, would undoubtedly prove a more-than-welcome refresher to the tired convention-goer at the end of three

working sessions held in the heat of a Texas July day.

At Eagle Mountain Lake, located in the beautiful wooded valley of the West Fork of Trinity, a fleet of sailboats, with breeze-driven sails, swoop down over the lake like a swarm of great snow-geese to put into dock at the Fort Worth Boat Club. Throughout the spring, summer and autumn, organized races of these boats are staged on the lakes, and occasionally inter-club regatta are held, in which crews from other southwestern cities are invited to participate.

Though not exactly a fisherman's paradise, the fishing is reputed to be good in all the lakes. If you're a rod-and-reel enthusiast, cast your line into Fort Worth waters and you may be lucky enough to bring in a bass, crappie, bream, perch or channel cat. Maybe you feel safer near the water than you do in or on it, and if so, the city provides picnic spots, fire pits, and shelter houses so that you can stay close to shore.

You're not only going to be looking for the points of interest, you'll be out to have a good time while you're in the city, so perhaps you'll want to sample Fort Worth's night life. Lake Worth is the setting for a casino which has one of the most popular dance pavilions of the Southwest. The city proper offers the visitor a chance to light-foot it over the dance floors of the Crystal Ballroom and The Den of the Hotel Texas or the Venetian Ballroom of the Blackstone Hotel. In the recreation buildings and parks, the City Recreational Department stages plays, dance reviews, athletic events, and other forms of entertainment; and throughout the town you will find luxurious motion picture theatres. It is already evident, however, that the rodeo and chuck wagon supper which the Texas Federation is putting on for your entertainment promise to steal the convention show. These events should give you an opportunity to "go western" in a truly big way.

Along the 326 miles of paved streets which comprise Fort Worth, you may find some 220 churches of thirty different denominations (notable among them, the \$1,000,000 First Methodist Church); you will see both public and private schools, a vocational school, a university — Texas Christian — and three colleges: Texas Wesleyan, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and Our Lady of Victory College and Academy. Of the eleven hospitals, the United States Public Service Hospital is probably the most noteworthy.

ADD to all these elements about sixty-three hotels, six banks, and 2,600 retail stores; consider, too, the nine railroads that enter the city, the eight motor bus companies that serve her, the three major airlines that keep Meacham Field, the municipal airport, humming and buzzing with activity, and you begin to get some idea of the overall picture of your convention city.

BPW club members in Fort Worth number 394; the neighboring city of Dallas has 439 members on its roster. Altogether, the state membership totals 6,584 with 109 clubs represented. With so many active hostesses in Fort Worth, and members of other Texas clubs backing them up in extending the hospitality of the state, all you who are planning to attend the July convention may look forward to a display of friendliness and warmth in the real Texas tradition.

*Mexico's pioneer woman flyer turns her
energies to the organizing of
Mexican women for civic and political action*

Pilot—politico

BY AIDA THOMPSON

EMMA ENCINAS was a bright little girl to begin with. Scarcely had she finished celebrating her third birthday, when her parents, not knowing what else to do with an only child who was always running away to join neighbors' children at school, enrolled her in the first grade as a regular pupil. At that time, thirty years ago, the family lived in the beautiful town of Hermosillo in the state of Sonora, Mexico, less than half a day's drive from the United States. Emma's father was employed there as an accountant for an American mining company.

Emma's parents were pleased with her progress up to the fourth grade, at which time she was temporarily retired from school until she reached the ripe old age of nine. Her teachers maintained that she was moving along too fast, and since there were no secondary schools in Mexico at the time, what would a girl who had finished her schooling at the age of nine or less do? To mark time, her father sent her to a ranch in the mountains. On her return, however, he decided that she had had enough of Mexican schools.

Emma was a good child, but she had developed some convictions of which neither the Señor nor the Señora Encinas approved. Something had to be done about this quickly! For Emma, by this time, had been thoroughly indoctrinated against the people of the United States. She had been taught that the Americans had come to Mexico for the sole purpose of extracting pesos from Mexican mines and oil wells, and that they looked down on their Mexican employees, treating them little better than they had once treated the slaves in their own country, while they, as overlords, lived luxuriously in fine haciendas.

One day, Emma's father came to her and announced: "You are going to the United States, *niña*." He had decided that this would solve the school problem and at the same time protect his family from the Pancho Villa terrorism which was still rampant in the state of Sonora. "You will learn English and you will not learn propaganda. Above all, you will learn to behave like a lady, and to have respect for nations other than your own."

Emma protested loud and long. She hated the sight of "Gringos," and wanted nothing to do with folk who



Señora de Gutierrez, born Encinas, combines marriage with a career and volunteer political activities in behalf of women

simultaneously took advantage of her countrymen and looked down upon them. Nevertheless, her mother took her to El Paso, Texas, where, until she was eighteen years old, she lived the life of a typical American school girl. She was graduated from high school; she spent a year at the Texas School of Mines and a year at the University of Southern California. Her interests were diversified, and like many high-spirited American girls, she was particularly attracted to the field of commercial aviation.

In 1932 Emma returned to her homeland to take up flying. Jobs were scarce in the United States, and it seemed best to train in the country where she would be most likely to find work. Besides, her father was anxious to have his family return home.

HOME was now in Chihuahua City, and there Emma enrolled in a budding aviation school which, unfortunately, folded before she was able to solo. She wanted to continue with her instruction, but on going to Mexico City to do so, she found no aviation schools there. It was only after a good deal of persuasion that she could get the owner of the only private plane available for instruction to continue her lessons, and she had to get special permission for use of the army air field from the chief of army aviation. Because of her father's objections, she had to (Continued on page 122)



Alice Perutz-Broch (left) and Mary Mohrer (right) founded The Window Shop to give work to refugees

A LITTLE bit of old Vienna came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the twenty-seventh of October, 1939, when two recently-arrived refugees started a gift shop and tearoom on Mount Auburn Street, just around the corner from Harvard Square. They called the place The Window Shop, and in it they sold hand-made novelties of foreign origin and served Austrian dishes and cakes.

Mrs. Alice Perutz-Broch and Miss Mary Mohrer had been rather well-to-do citizens of Vienna prior to the war. Just before leaving for America, Mrs. Perutz-Broch bid the family cook a fond farewell. As a gift to her mistress, the cook presented her most prized possession—her cookbook. With this gesture, the devoted domestic shaped her mistress' future, for that cookbook has been constantly before Mrs. Perutz-Broch these many years. In it lies the secret behind the delectable dishes served in her restaurant.

When they started The Window Shop, Mrs. Perutz-Broch and Miss Mohrer had had no previous business experience and little knowledge of America's taste in food. In fact they could barely speak English. But they did have the will to carry on despite every obstacle.

At first, it was quite a struggle. Their tearoom was serving only about twenty-five patrons per day and the gift shop was doing little business. But shortly after the place was started, Mrs. Howard Mumford Jones, wife of the Harvard professor, dropped in. She became interested immediately. Then Mrs. Clement Smith came along. These two became virtual godmothers to the little business — Mrs. Jones for the restaurant and Mrs. Smith for the gift shop. Soon they formed a board of directors among their friends, and Mrs. Smith became the first president of the board. Eventually this board totaled fifteen members, and that's how it stands today.

The Window Shop became a non-profit organization. Today, those who produce the merchandise sold in the gift shop are well paid for their products. Those

Window of democracy

BY WILLIAM D. HOLDEN

Through a window on a quiet street in a university town, a talented group of newcomers to America are receiving their first impressions of a society where they live and work in freedom

who work in the shop and restaurant receive more than the average wage paid elsewhere for similar employment. All members of the staff are refugees who have come to America in search of freedom. All are either citizens, or are working towards citizenship. Many of them are mothers, wives or sisters of men who served with American armed forces in World War II.

Profits of the organization provide either scholarships in Eastern colleges for those who want and need training in special fields, or direct relief for newcomers to this country. Once sponsored by this organization, one merely has to be willing to work towards achieving independence.

A roll call of the board of directors reads like a list of Who's Who in the university city. It is comprised of wives of professors, doctors, lawyers and businessmen—and, in some cases, the men themselves. The members of the board take more than a casual interest in the project. They lend their services in any and every way possible. They may be called on to straighten out legal matters, lend aid to those in the organization who are ill, or perform service in some other professional capacity. It's not even unusual to see members of the board working around the shop, waiting on customers or serving tea.

FOUR years ago, when Mrs. Smith moved to Detroit, the late Mrs. Elsa Brandstrom Ulich, who died recently, became president of the board of directors. Mrs. Ulich was of Swedish descent and was married to a German refugee, Professor Robert Ulich of Harvard. She was well-known for her humanitarian work with the Red Cross in Russia and Siberia during World War I, and was recently awarded a decoration by the King of Sweden for her work at that time.

The Window Shop's gift department sells the novelties which are made by about a hundred refugees. Among the items are baskets, clothes, handbags, pottery, knitted bags, leather goods, silver, copper and pewter ornaments, linens and toys. None are the sort

of thing that can be found just anywhere, but are handmade by master craftsmen.

For instance, J. M. Wallach once had the largest and best peasant art shop in Munich. Now he delights patrons with his hand-blocked linens. Max Strauss was a stage designer in Germany. When he came to this country he couldn't get into the union of stage designers, so he turned to The Window Shop. His excellent workmanship reveals itself in his fancy designs of felt and leather handbags. Celia Ernst was a former artist in Germany. She now designs clothes; and she is also responsible for some of the wall decorations of The Window Shop. Franziska Porges, another refugee, is working her way through Harvard's School of Architecture by painting designs on glassware. There is a great demand for her products, especially around Christmas. She, too, is a former artist and has done

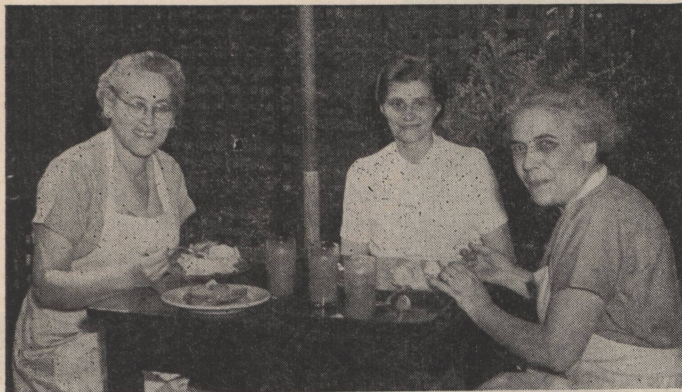
most of the interior decorations of The Window Shop.

But one of the shop's most interesting craftsmen is a man who makes fine leather goods. The Window Shop gave him his start in this country, buying his first products. These were so outstanding and sold so well that he soon became famous. Today he is the head of a large concern, and his products are sold on Fifth Avenue and in all the large cities across the country. He hasn't forgotten The Window Shop, however; it has top priority on anything his company produces.

AMERICA's love of color was an early revelation for Miss Mohrer. Those who consider peasant costumes of native Europeans colorful may be surprised by what she says: "Americans like brighter, gayer colors than we did over there. We first used the more subdued and subtle shades. But soon we learned that New England people want bright reds and gay pastels." The restaurant shows a recognition of that revelation. It is painted in a pastel grey-green with bright red trimmings, and grey-green table tops are complemented with red chairs.

Early this spring The Window Shop moved to larger quarters. Appropriate- (Continued on page 125)

George M. Davis, Boston, Mass.



(Above left) Three of the refugee workers smile over their lunch in the patio. (Below) The building that houses shop and restaurant was once the home of The Village Blacksmith

Siadler



They "dude" it!

BY ANNE TOBIN

THEY-USED-THEIR-HEADS DEPARTMENT

*This is the eighth of a series of stories
of women who have built successful businesses
or won special recognition in their fields
by the exercise of initiative and ingenuity*

THERE was a girl from Putnam, Connecticut, a girl from Minneapolis and Chicago, and a girl from Denver, Colorado. During World War II, all three enlisted in the Woman's Army Corps.

Undoubtedly, they expected to have interesting and novel experiences as WAC's, but their wildest fantasies never covered the possibility of their running a Colorado dude ranch as a postwar business. Yet today these three girls, whose paths first crossed in the Army, operate the Lucky GJ guest ranch—situated 6,300 feet above sea level and many miles from the former homes of two of the partners.

The transition from complete strangers to partners in ranch operations wasn't accomplished overnight, though. It dates back to a time years ago, when the Colorado partner, Margaret Smith, as a small girl visiting on a Wyoming ranch, fell in love with ranch life. When she grew up, Margaret became a private secretary in Denver, but love of the wide open spaces remained with her, and much of her vacation time was spent on ranches.

When the war came, Margaret, with thousands of other patriotic women, volunteered for the WAAC. In service she ultimately rose to the rank of captain. Among the WAC's under her command at the Big Spring Army Air Field in Texas were Corporal Delia O'Callaghan from Connecticut, and T/Sgt. Edith Eidem, formerly a topnotch secretary in Minneapolis and Chicago.

Shortly after V-J Day, the airfield—a bombardier training school—was inactivated, and Captain Smith received orders to remain at Big Spring as station custodial officer. She selected T/Sgt. Eidem and Corporal O'Callaghan to stay and assist her. The three WAC's, bunking in a huge post gymnasium which was already bulging with army equipment, called themselves the "Gym Jammers"—"Cap," "Edie" and "Kelly."

It was at about that time that Captain Smith confided to the others her dream of some day owning a ranch out in the Rockies. As she described the beauty and grandeur of the mountains and the pleasures and profits of life in the west, she sold her two gym-mates

completely on country they had never seen. At night in their "jammed gym" the three talked for hours about the possibilities of dude ranches, laying elaborate plans, and going so far as to make lists of supplies they would need for their dream ranch.

After the Big Spring job was finished, Kelly headed back to civilian life, but Captain Smith and Sergeant Eidem found themselves transferred to Randolph Field, near San Antonio, Texas, for almost another year of service.

FINALLY, in November, 1946, the day came when all three "gym jammers" were again "misses." Kelly, back in New England again, could only hope and pray while Cap and Edie combed all the want ads of the *Denver Post* and looked at dozens of ranches in the Glenwood Springs area, the most desirable in Colorado. Then they found it!

Twenty-three years before, near Gypsum, Colorado, in a wild, mountainous region, where rushing, foaming Sweetwater Creek tumbles out of a narrow, rocky canyon into a lovely little valley and then flows into the broad, green Colorado River, Mrs. Mary Parker Converse had built a beautiful, spacious home for her daughter, the late Mrs. George Cutting. This house, in course of time, was placed on the market for sale. When the ex-WAC's saw the house, with its huge stone fireplaces in both living and dining rooms, its steam-heating plant and its tiled baths, they were almost sold. But when they looked out of the windows and saw a different scenic picture from each, they were so enchanted that the ranch was as good as theirs.

There followed many weeks of negotiating with the owners who had purchased the place from the Cutting estate, of interviewing bankers and loan companies—all sympathetic but reluctant to take the risk of making a loan to the would-be ranchers. Finally the financial arrangements were completed; the last bit of red tape was cut. A "come quick" wire was sent to Kelly. On February 1, 1947, they moved in.

In naming the ranch, they started with their own nickname, "Gym Jammers," threw in the word "lucky" for luck, and came up with the very western "Lucky GJ." They soon discovered, however, that they needed not only luck, but also a lot of ingenuity, hard work and determination.

PROBLEMS started presenting themselves immediately. The ranch water system which supplied the house had been flooded out the previous year by a cloudburst, and for the first few weeks the girls carried water from the creek and melted snow for drinking. But the neighbors, who proved to be friendly (not clannish, as the trio feared they might be), came to the girls' aid. One man who had worked on the ranch told the new owners about an irrigation ditch. Tackling the job with real vigor, the girls chopped out the ice that clogged the ditch channel, thus allowing the water to flow past the house. Then the ditch was tapped into an undamaged portion of the pipeline near the house. Next came a small pressure pump system and a cistern. Finally, after overcoming what had seemed like insurmountable obstacles, there (Continued on page 127)

Perched on the railing of the corral, the three ex-WAC's, now turned dude ranchers, animatedly "talk horse" with their foreman



After the day's chores are finished, the dude ranchers relax before a roaring fire in the big stone fireplace

Drawings
by Jean Calboun



Hollywood's idea of the boss's morning greeting is enough to make a real secretary shriek, "It isn't that way at all!"

HERE is a mild delusion, the blame for which may rest in part upon Hollywood, concerning what is known as the "gateway to a business career," namely, the gentle art of being a secretary. I know whereof I speak. Twenty-odd years of commuting between the outer office and the inner sanctum with notebook in hand, discouraging would-be intruders such as internal revenue collectors and irate stockholders, explaining how the office boy happened to open by mistake an intimate feminine note, buying birthday gifts for Aunt Miranda and Uncle Amos, have left me with grey hair, stenographer's spread and the bitter habit of accepting no business contract at face value.

Lest you think I wish to discourage all young women from entering the secretarial field, and thus leave the businessman to the mercy of his own filing, the date pad on which he never writes, and the difficult task of making, and canceling, three reservations a day to Shanghai, London or Timbuktu, let me say that there are compensations.

I can, without assistance, make out my own income tax return as well as those of my family, friends, and friends of my friends. If sister must make a lecture engagement in San Francisco tomorrow afternoon, I know how to reach beyond the usual channels and come up with a reservation on the 5:30 plane tonight. If Uncle Joe, dabbling in the stock market, can't figure out the financial page, it is my privilege to save his inheritance by interpreting the plus and minus signs for him. I have learned the value of orderliness, routine, and of finishing a task quickly and completely. I have learned to be aware and critical and sure. Above all I have learned the value of financial security and the satisfaction of earning my own living.

It is with Hollywood that I have my biggest quarrel. It is difficult, when relaxing in the dimness of a

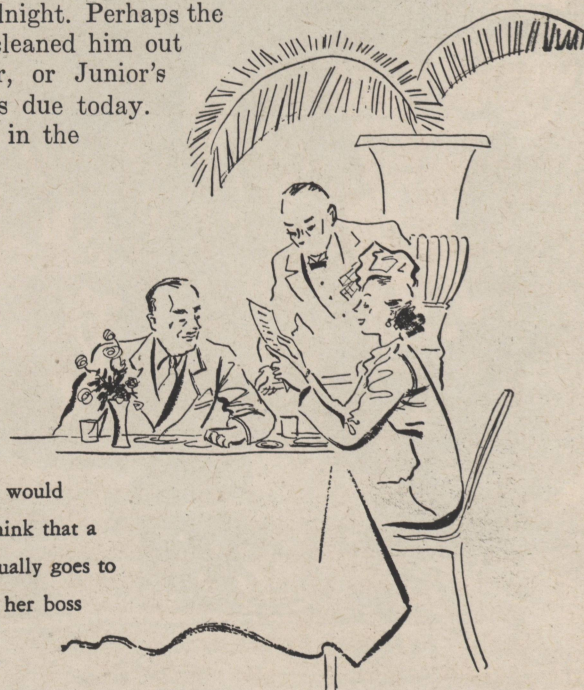
Lady of the notebook

BY ANNE MOREHEAD

theatre after a hard day's work, to find oneself confronted with the heroine masquerading in the role of secretary. I use the word masquerading advisedly, because there is always a temptation to stand up and shout, "That isn't the way it is at all!" Perhaps in that world of chromium and crystal offices there are such things as the movie version of the secretary, but not in the practical everyday offices served by the army of American secretaries.

Lille Dache hats, pigskin bags costing a week's pay, handmade tailor suits, all seem to be normally a part of the wardrobe of the movie version of the secretary.

Good morning, my dear," chirps the typical boss of the silver screen as he bows low before sweeping into his private office. Actually, you're lucky to get a nod or a flip of the hand from the inner-office occupant on most mornings. There are a thousand excuses for the apparent lack of courtesy. Baby may have been cutting a tooth last night, or his wife entertained and Mr. President had to help with the dishes after midnight. Perhaps the fellows cleaned him out at poker, or Junior's tuition is due today. Bringing in the



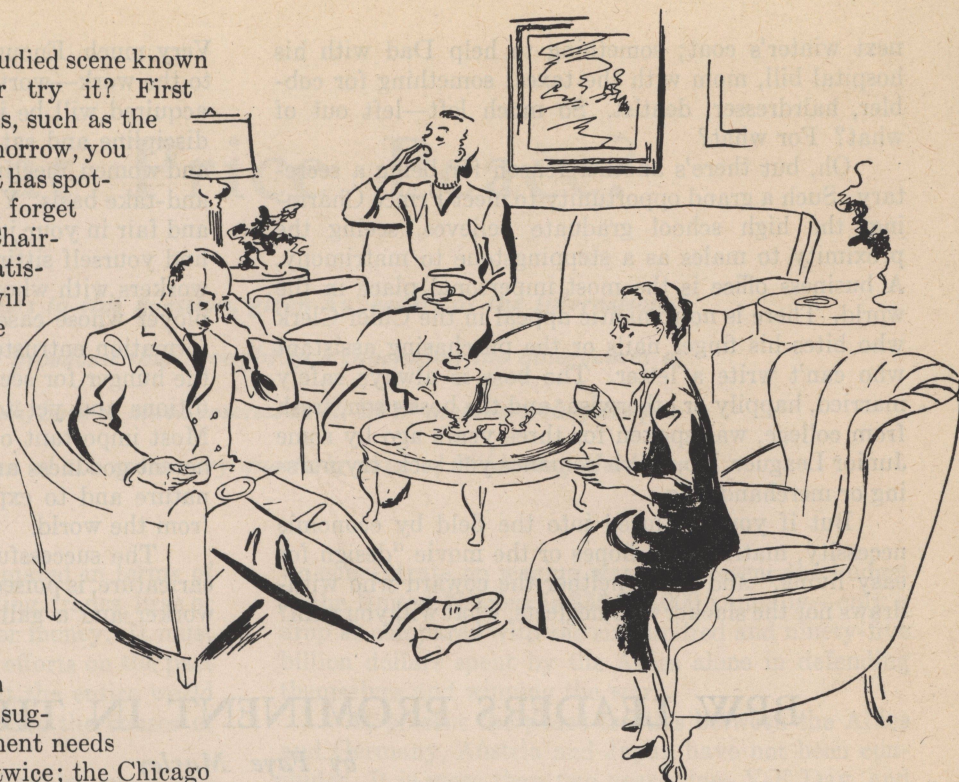
Hollywood would have you think that a secretary usually goes to lunch with her boss

mail, a la Hollywood, is a crisp and studied scene known as *The Opportunity*. Hmm. Ever try it? First you have to be subtle. Urgent details, such as the labor conciliator wanting to come tomorrow, you put on top because once Mr. President has spotted the tickets for the boat races he'll forget everything else. The letter from the Chairman of the Board asking for sales statistics is left near the bottom. You will take care of that anyway, for where would the boss get the figures? Most of the mail is like that; putting it on his desk first is just a gesture. You scurry off before you can be waylaid with questions. Whether Jones of Purchasing made the semi-finals. How long it is going to take General to mimeograph copies of the contract. By noon the office boy is peeved because you interrupted his confab with the receptionist. Miss Rushem of General is insulted because it was suggested that her mimeograph department needs nudging. The labor man has called twice; the Chicago office has called three times, which meant that you had to stall with "Mr. President is in conference" because he didn't have the information they were going to ask for and wouldn't have it until tomorrow. You have splashed ink on your white blouse, have canceled your permanent because the conference is tomorrow and have discovered that the typist who helped yesterday wrote \$5,000 instead of \$50,000 in the quotations to Mobile, Inc.

Nine to five. Don't you believe it! Hours change daily to suit the convenience and the temperament of your employer. One of the nicest ways to practice self-control and patience comes at five when you have a stack of letters all neatly typed and waiting for signature. You wait, and you wait, while behind closed doors the story of "when I rowed for Harvard" is being told once more. At six-thirty Mr. President rushes out, waves aside the sheaf of letters with "Oh, sign them for me, please."

And while on the matter of hours, the test of endurance is the labor-management conference which breaks up about seven when your arm is numb with four hours of frantic pothooking and dashing, with someone asking, "We can have those minutes before noon tomorrow, can't we?" Fifty typewritten pages. Nothing at all.

LUNCH. Hollywood says it would be with the boss, who will propose in spite of the wife and four children; or with that slick new salesman in the pink shirt and green tie. Experience tells me it will probably be ham-on-rye with iced tea at the counter of the Five and Dime. And once in about five years, in tribute to numerous appointments, reservations and shopping tours performed for members of the family to the fourth degree, you are invited to Suburbia. There you sip after-dinner coffee, trying to think of something to say and acutely conscious of signs of boredom (who knows those



On those painful occasions when the boss asks his secretary to dine in Suburbia with him and his wife, she is just as much bored as they

signs better than you?) in your martyred host and wife.

Two rasps from the buzzer is where the notebook comes in. Now the notebook is the symbol of the secretarial profession and is the least used tool of all.

DEAR Mr. Stockholder: Your letter—we have—we are—"Ah, the welcome telephone interruption. Then, "Guess I finished that letter, didn't I? Well, no matter; write him as usual." The next is to Justice Johnson, director of a dozen corporations and a college roommate. "Dear Johnny. About that fishing trip—will meet you . . . (See when you can get tickets to Miramichi, Miss Secretary). The next is . . . O, I must get down and talk with Rinehart about that brochure he is doing. Just answer these yourself. You know what to say as well as I do."

Better, Mr. President. Exasperating? No, indeed. Wonderful. The half-page of dictation is one of the distinctions between being a stenographer and a secretary.

Hollywood would send you home at five for a bubble bath, creams to remove the signs of weariness, camphor packs to brighten tired eyes, a sleek dinner gown and a fur wrap in which to greet an orchid-bearing Romeo at eight. Be not deceived. If you are a secretary at forty per you'll eat most of your dinners in the family dining room or on the card table in your apartment. Washing dishes may ruin your manicure but you'll do it. Occasionally, if you're lucky and have a steady, you'll dine and dance. It will be so seldom, though, that you'll borrow Sue's gown in exchange for the use of your new white coat.

Your weekly check is divided carefully: so much for board, carfare, lunches; so much for life insurance, hospital insurance, accident insurance; five dollars for

next winter's coat; something to help Dad with his hospital bill, mom with the taxes; something for cobbler, hairdresser, dentist. So much left—left out of what? For what?

Oh, but there's another reason for being a secretary. Such a grand opportunity to meet Prince Charming, the high school graduate believes, seeing the proximity to males as a steppingstone to matrimony. A business office is the most impersonal place in the world. There is no romantic appeal in the Chief Clerk who bites his finger nails or the purchasing assistant who can't write a letter. The boss is always safely married, happily or otherwise; and the boss's son, fresh from college, was spoken for three years ago by some Junior Leaguer. No, if it is romance you seek, try nursing or merchandising.

But if you are lured into the field by economic necessity, matrimonial hopes or the movie "design for easy living," and being neither the coward who withdraws nor the slacker who neglects, what will you gain?

Very much. Enough to make whatever years you give to the work—worth while. The sound business training acquired will be invaluable all through life. There is discipline and satisfaction in working with other men and women, meeting them daily on an impersonal, give-and-take basis. You become tolerant and open-minded and fair in your judgment of others. It is something to find yourself sitting at a conference table between the workers with whom you are in sympathy and the employer whose case you know through confidential information entrusted to you. You come to understand the hunger for security which underlies economic conditions and yet to know that each side has its case. Most important of all, you come to recognize the inherent goodness and the ever-present frailty of human nature and to expect neither too much nor too little from the world.

The successful secretary, in spite of Hollywood's caricature, is poised, capable, tolerant, confident, a good worker and a gallant lady with or without notebook.

BPW LEADERS PROMINENT IN THE RED CROSS

by Faye Marley

A SURVEY of BPW clubs throughout the country would undoubtedly show that large numbers of their members are also active workers in the Red Cross.

Among the women on the newly organized Board of Governors of the American National Red Cross is Margaret Hickey, past and honorary president of our National Federation, now editor of the Public Affairs Department of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Miss Hickey has long been interested in the Red Cross. Impressed with the wartime record of its volunteer workers, she wrote in the March, 1947 issue of *Ladies' Home Journal* in which her editorship of the Public Affairs Department was announced:

"During one year alone the Red Cross reports that more than 21,000,000 hours were given in army, navy, and civilian hospitals by Red Cross Nurse's Aides; 41,000,000 meals and snacks were served to the armed forces; 680,000,000 surgical dressings were made by white-garbed women."

She is finding time in her busy life to serve on the Red Cross Board of Governors because she doesn't want "the feeling of emergency" to slip away. She wants to have a part in keeping the Red Cross before the American public so that "the habit of giving time and talent to activities outside the home" may not be broken . . . so that volunteers may not become the "tired women of peace."

Again in the April, 1947 issue of *Ladies' Home Journal* Miss Hickey wrote in introducing the report of the Red Cross Advisory Committee on which she served while president of our National Federation.

"The American Red Cross belongs to the people of the United States. Its humanitarian services are universally known and appreciated. The Red Cross serves those suffering from privation or disaster in time of peace, it reaches out to link the people with their men and women in uniform in time of war."

Dr. Irma Gene Nevins, Health and Safety chair-

man of the National Federation, and president of our Washington, D. C., Club, is director of the Accident Prevention Service of the Red Cross.

Keenly interested in adequate salaries for women, Dr. Nevins says, "I have found that the men with whom I work accept women as economic equals and as partners in a challenging job."

"The breadth of scope offered in the Red Cross appeals to me," she explains. "We cover every section of the United States and are no respecters of age, sex, economic status, or political or religious affiliations."

Dr. Nevins promotes and guides a nation-wide program, dealing primarily with the serious problems of accidents. Courses of instruction are provided for boys and girls, and adults. There is emphasis on community activities and the need for developing an awareness and responsibility in the prevention of accidents—in homes, on farms, in traffic, or wherever one may be.

IN October, 1947, Dr. Nevins made one of her trips to the West Coast, where, in cooperation with Dr. Carl J. Potthoff, national director of First Aid Service and associate medical director of the American Red Cross, she helped inaugurate a Red Cross First Aid and Accident Prevention school.

"On this trip, as on numerous others, I managed to visit BPW clubs," she said. "I find many things in common between my Red Cross and club activities. Both organizations are community agencies in a sense, and both depend upon volunteer leadership to carry out programs of similar implication for the welfare of the nation. Whenever I talk to Red Cross groups I find myself illustrating with examples of BPW ways of doing things, and when I talk to clubs, I find myself talking about the Red Cross. In other words, I have so welded together my vocation and my avocation that I don't know where one leaves off and the other begins."

What Price Peace?

Because the answers to this question, given by leaders of the International Federation in the broadcast that brought to a conclusion the observances of International Week, have so much interest to all BPW members, they are presented here in lieu of the customary quarterly issue of Widening Horizons

THE price of peace cannot be estimated in terms of dollars and cents—or pounds sterling, francs, liras or pesos. Peace cannot be bought for money. It must be won gradually through concerted efforts on the part of all people of good will throughout the entire world first to ascertain and then to eliminate the causes of wars.

This was the consensus of the three leaders of the International Federation who took part in the three-way broadcast that brought to a fitting and dramatic climax the observances of the International Federation's annual International Week, February 22-28.

Lisa Sergio, world famous commentator on international affairs, acted as moderator; Sally Butler, president of our own National Federation and also president of the International Federation; Margaret P. Hyndman, King's Counselor and president of the Canadian Federation; and Dame Caroline Haslett, vice president of the International Federation and president of the British Federation of Business and Professional Women, were the speakers. The broadcast originated in the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company and was short-waved to countries having BPW federations all over the world.

In her talk, Miss Butler said that before we attempt to estimate the price of peace we should count the costs of war, and called upon her hearers to consider the record.

If we add up the money spent by Allies and Axis together, the cost of World War II from a strictly military point of view, she pointed out, was one trillion, one hundred and sixteen billion, nine hundred and ninety-one and one-half million dollars.

"And now as to loss in manpower. According to Secretary of State George C. Marshall, 15,000,000 soldiers and sailors were killed or missing during World War II. This is a staggering total in human lives and armaments, not to mention the loss from wounds and the wholesale destruction of property which left Europe and part of Asia in ruins. No matter what peace costs in dollars and cents, or in pounds sterling, francs, liras or other currency, it will be worth it.

"Let's see what it will take to make and keep the peace. First, it will take a real determination to remove the causes of war, to unite with the United Nations and to concentrate the same energies on waging peace that

we concentrate on waging war. At present the budget of the United Nations is \$35,000,000 annually—only a drop as compared with the six hundred and ninety-five billion dollars spent by the Allies alone in defending themselves and winning the war.

"At present the peace treaties between the Allies and Germany, Austria and Japan have not been concluded. It is more than two years since V-E Day, and peace has not been defined. So, we must make up our minds to urge our governments to get on with the treaties and to sacrifice territorial and monetary gains from unexpected reparations in order to help restore European economy. We must make up our minds to practice the brotherhood of man, to work harder, to produce more, to rebuild a world in which there are jobs enough to go around, in which public health is the concern of all governments and all people, and where there are educational opportunities for everyone who wants to learn.

"Whatever the form of our government, it must be predicated upon one thing, the desire to make life easier and more abundant for the average man and woman. We must concern ourselves with the government of our country, learn how it functions and accept the responsibility for those we select for office. That is the first duty of citizenship.

"We must educate our children in the arts of peace not of war, and we must believe in our hearts that war must not come again. In the beautiful words of the preamble to UNESCO, 'Whereas wars begin in the hearts of men, peace must be planted in the hearts of men.'

"To build a better world, we need better people, with nobler ideas, with a belief in truth and honor and integrity. We must build our own lives anew and help train the children of all countries in ways of virtue and decency. We must have patience—and I say this particularly to my fellow Americans, for the kind of world we want must be rebuilt step by step with patience and courage. Ours is a great task, a great responsibility."

Margaret P. Hyndman said, "The highest ideal of mankind for 1,948 years has been world peace. The United Nations—clumsy and imperfect as it may be—is the best instrument yet fashioned by man's skill in organization and political technique for the achievement of this ideal.

"Obviously for women, as for men, this is the in-

strument which must be used to effect and maintain world peace. To fashion or make any instrument is not enough to achieve the purpose for which the instrument or machine was made. It will take the force and drive and direction of public enthusiasm and informed opinion to make of the United Nations anything but a dead hand. It demands, first and above all, faith and confidence. Then it requires popular or general familiarity with its processes, policies, problems and possibilities. This drive and force can only be supplied through the national representatives in its various components and agencies.

THIS brings us back, as do so many needs of the day, to the responsibility of women to participate in the affairs of their own communities and countries. If women are to have any say in the affairs of the world, they must have that say through their own governments, which means not only participation in the election of their governments, but also in the formation of their policies.

"You and I may not be members of the General Assembly, or of the 'little Assembly,' or of any commission or sub-commission of the United Nations, or even representatives of our national federations at meetings of the non-governmental agencies, cooperating with the United Nations public relations department.

"But we can, every day of our lives, be crusaders for peace and missionaries of the United Nations organization. It is not enough for us merely to yearn for peace. It is not enough for us to talk about peace, or to make speeches about peace or to pass resolutions about peace—although all of these things have some value. We must be ready to work for peace, and even to fight for peace. By fighting, I don't mean using bombs, atomic or otherwise; I mean fighting with words and with ideas in our own political parties and in our own national elections to get first a candidate, then a member of Parliament, or congressman or senator, who will work intelligently, fearlessly and tirelessly in the interests of the United Nations and of world peace."

Dame Caroline Haslett said, "Peace is not a thing that can be bought at any price, however great; it is a thing that must be built—and built with skill, knowledge and understanding. Unless men and women share equally in the building of peace we shall again build a lopsided civilization, and create afresh those problems and rancors which eventually lead to war.

"The things which go to form the material bases of peace are surely food, clothing, warmth and shelter, just

as the intangible bases are freedom, opportunity for education, fullness of life and a sense of being needed in the structure of the community.

"Women, and especially we ourselves as trained women, have a great responsibility to see that these bases of peace are secured. As legislators and responsible citizens, it is our business not only to watch the conduct of affairs by our own national governments and such international bodies as UNO and the ILO and to put forward constructive suggestions and criticisms when things appear to be going wrong, but we must also furnish from among our members a sufficient supply of trained women to take office in national and international government, and to make an appreciable contribution to the policy and efficiency of such bodies as, for example, the Commission on Trade and Employment and the World Health Organization.

"It is still not always easy to find women with the right combination of personality, knowledge and experience to fill some of the highest positions, but more and more women are acquiring the necessary experience of public life, and what is even more important, the necessary experience in industry, business and the professions. In Great Britain, at least, there is increasing opportunity for women to take a really responsible part in the formation of policy and in the creation of good conditions for men and women—not by going on deputations or asking for rights for women, but by taking a full share in local and national government and by making their full contribution at the directors' table as members of public boards and corporations.

To build a secure peace we need, also, to get to know our neighbors in other countries. And today it is not necessarily the country next door which is our neighbor; air travel has brought distant countries to our doorstep. We need to learn about and to appreciate all countries in order to break down prejudices and suspicion based on ignorance and fear.

"Although peace cannot be built without good will, neither can it be created solely by emotion and sentimentality. There is a neutral approach to nearly every problem through work considered in terms of various jobs to be done. We have our special contribution to make by seeing that each individual job forming a component of the problem is done with an appreciation of the human factors involved. We must make sure that, instead of becoming a potential cause of friction, each job more closely cements the structure of peace."



Texas to entertain convention visitors rootin'-tootin' Western style

*At this biennial, you'll not be trailing your formals about to banquets
and receptions; you'll be decking yourself out in ten-gallon hats and
fringed buckskin to feast on barbeque and to romp through square dances*

THE crowning entertainment feature of the biennial convention, to be held in Fort Worth July 4-9, will be the rodeo and chuck wagon dinner at which the delegates and visitors will be the guests of the Texas Federation.

The chuck wagon dinner will be served in the open air about 6:00 p.m. on Thursday, July 8. The dinner, consisting of barbecue with all the traditional accompaniments, will be prepared by a professional caterer, and served by members of the Texas Federation dressed in western regalia.

During the dinner the guests will be serenaded by men and women in western attire accompanied by banjos and guitars, and further entertained by comedy cowgirls and cowboys. A roving radio announcer will interview distinguished guests as they arrive.

The rodeo show, which will immediately follow the chuck wagon dinner, will open with a spectacular grand entry pageant led by the Federation's president, the members of the Board, the Texas state planning committee, past presidents of the Texas Federation and other notables mounted on horseback or riding in old-time western vehicles. Women from other lands, carrying their national flags, will have a place in the pageant.

The rodeo show will be put on by a professional producer, and will consist of bareback bronco riding, saddle bronc riding, bull riding, steer wrestling, bull dogging and many specialty acts. The show will be broadcast over one of the local radio stations.

During the intermission of the rodeo, guests will be served cold drinks, ice cream sticks, popcorn and peanuts. There will also be a drawing of beautiful door prizes during the intermission. All who do not receive a door prize will be given souvenirs as they leave.

As a gift from the Fort Worth Club, everyone registering at the biennial will receive a Rodeo Souvenir Program Book. This will be printed on Hammermill offset hand-finish paper in sepia and buff, and bound in a handsome four-color cover with a western theme that is the pride and joy of every Texas member. Most appropriately, the dedication is to Dr. Minnie L. Maffett, first president of the Texas Federation; and it also honors Sally Butler, president of both the National and International Federations; and Ruth Townsen, president of the Texas Federation and national contact

chairman. Its contents include a cavalcade of Texas under six flags; a short history of the Texas Federation with pictures of the past presidents of the Federation as well as pictures of the Texas state biennial planning committee; the rodeo program; the chuck wagon menu; greetings from the governor of Texas, the mayor of Fort Worth and the Texas Federation; pictures of the rodeo producer and some of the rodeo performers; the general rules and regulations of the rodeo; a page of rodeo lingo; a map showing how to get around in the city of Fort Worth; western cartoons and sketches; advertising; and many other things of interest.

From all this you will see that Texas is getting ready to roll out the red carpet, hang out the lath string and otherwise do all in her power to welcome her guests with the heartiness and open-handedness characteristic of the old west.

Dedicated also to fun is the Maverick Roundup on Tuesday evening, July 6. The word "maverick," which in western terminology regularly designates the unbranded stock roaming the range, is here used to indicate that, on this occasion, the honors are to go not to the "brass hats" elsewhere so prominently featured at the convention, but the rank and file who have no offices or titles and who do not otherwise appear on the convention program. The roundup is to take the form of a show composed of a series of acts, each one of which will be put on by a different region with its own local talent, and directed by its regional chairman. Between the acts everybody will be invited to participate in square dancing led by old-time experts in the art of calling the figures. For refreshment, everyone will be served big luscious slices of ice cold Texas watermelon.

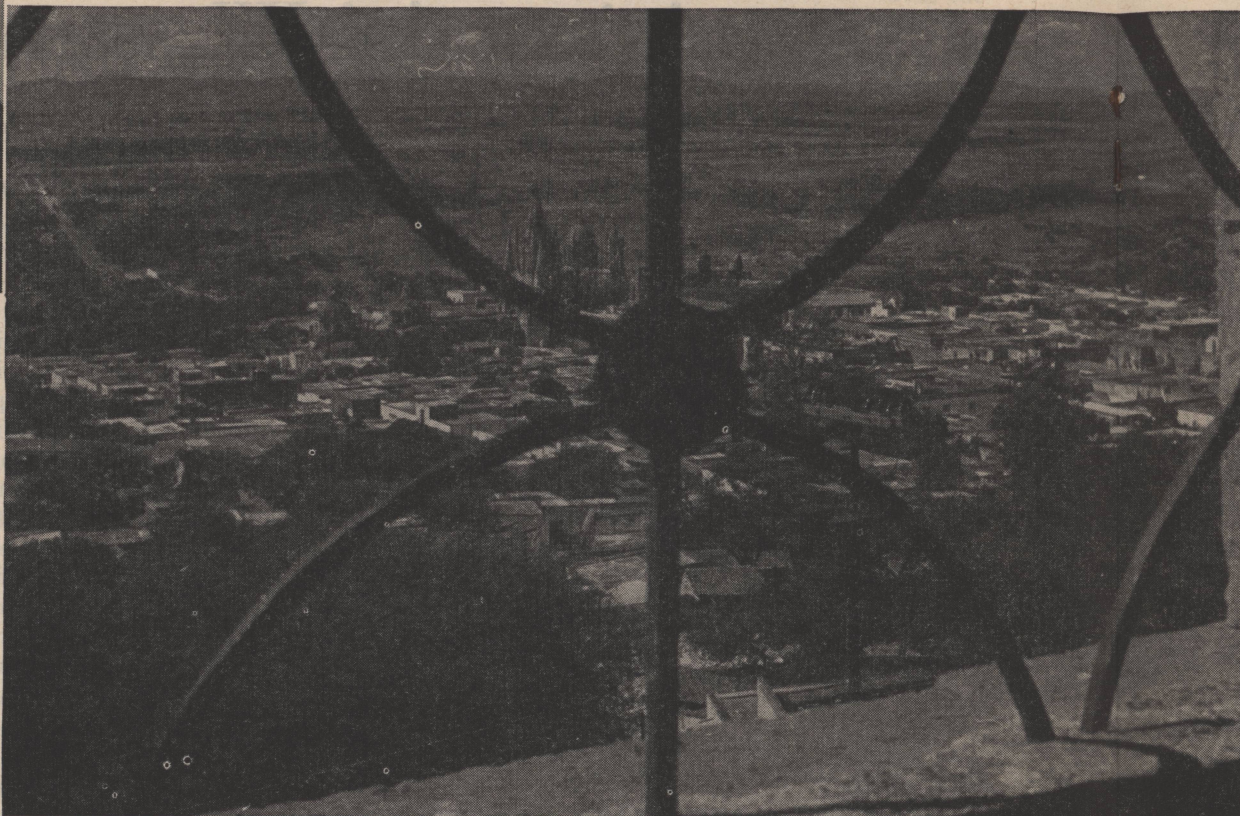
YOUR convention hostesses wish you to know that unless you will be attending the dinner for the National Board on the evening of July 3, you'll have practically no use at all for evening clothes since all the other entertainment features are of an informal character. What you will need, they say, are plenty of changes of cool summer dresses, preferably washable. They will not attempt to deceive you: it is hot in Texas in July—even though Fort Worth is 670 feet above sea level and does usually get cooling breezes from the Gulf of Mexico.

BY KATHRYN DAYTON AURNER

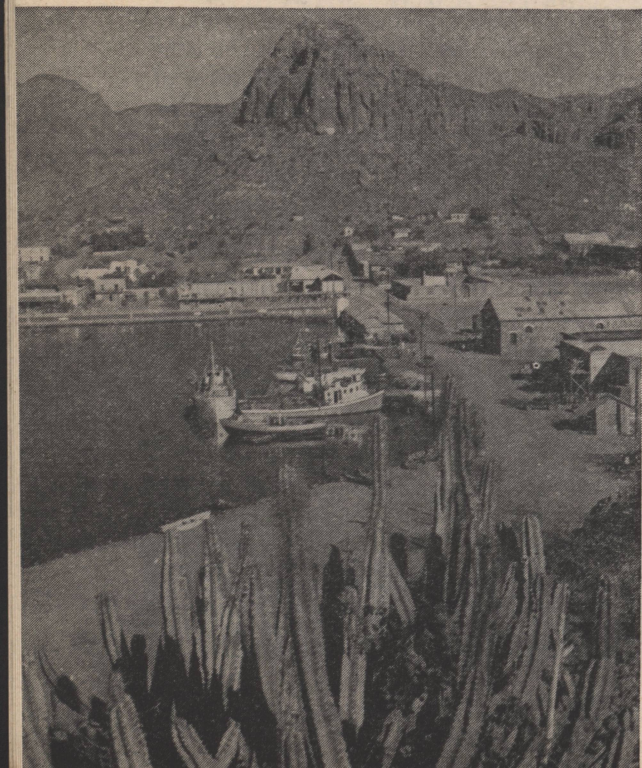
Going to Mexico?



You'll see beautiful señoritas in colorful native costumes and catch glimpses of mellow old cathedrals dreaming in valleys surrounded by snow-capped peaks



The harbor at Guaymas, Sonora, lies at the foot of a rock rising abruptly out of sand and cactus



If you who are convention-bound this July are thinking—as what smart business gal wouldn't—that this is the chance of your life to give yourself a trip in a foreign land at no greater outlay than you would spend on a vacation a hundred or so miles from your home town, you're probably already casting about for all the information you can glean in regard to travel in Mexico.

This then is for you—

Take it from one who has traveled much in this land of the turbulent past and progressive present, of ancient ruins and buildings of almost startlingly modern architecture, of mountains and deserts, tropical vegetation, picturesque peoples, and colorful fiestas, a vacation in Mexico is as fascinating and exciting an experience as anyone could have.

You'll get more out of the experience if, in advance, you prime yourself on the things to look for and where to find them by reading some of the numerous books that have been written about Mexico. A brief selected list will be found at the end of this article. Also, you'll find it easier to get about and find what you want if you brush up on your Spanish. Instead of conjugating verbs, start out with a good book of conversational Spanish and learn to say "cuantos?" when you mean "how much," "muchas gracias" when you mean "thanks a lot," and, failing all else, "habla ingles?" (do you speak English?)

First things first: Get your reservations made early. If you're



One day you will be sunning yourself on the terrace of a modern hotel; the next, rambling through quaint streets dating far back into the past

At Fort Worth you'll be less than 500 miles from the Mexican border. So why not step across after the convention comes to an end and treat yourself to the thrill and excitement of travel in a foreign land?

headed Mexico way, via train, the Sunshine Special direct from St. Louis, Missouri, on through Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City is your most comfortable trip. You may wish to book a return ticket on the more scenic West Coast route through Nogales, Arizona. Round-trip Pullman fare from Fort Worth to Mexico City runs to about \$115. For an additional \$20 you can continue on to Veracruz on the coast. Tours out of Mexico City to outlying towns are available at almost all prices, depending on the mode of transportation involved.

If your time is limited and a mere glimpse of Old Mexico must satisfy you, buy your ticket to Laredo (about \$40 round trip from Fort Worth) and cross the Rio Grande by bridge to spend a day or so in Nuevo Laredo. Or travel on another 130 miles to Monterrey, which dates back to 1596 and still bears a strong imprint of the Spanish Colonial era. (Round-trip fare from Fort Worth to Monterrey is about \$60.) You might even take off from El Paso, Texas, where a street car ride will bring you into Juarez. (Fort Worth to El Paso round-trip train fare is \$55.)

For the air-minded, daily flights to Mexico City are operated by American and Pan-American Airlines. One-way fare from Fort Worth to Mexico City runs to about \$65. Inside Mexico, fare for short trips amounts to about 5 cents per mile.

Driving into Mexico, you'll want to take the Laredo to Mexico

Photographs courtesy of Mexican Government Tourist Office, N. Y.



In the street markets you'll buy pottery, baskets and other examples of native Mexican handicrafts



City Pan American highway—775 miles of road in a tropical and mountainous setting. To enter the country, all the tourist needs in the way of a passport is a tourist card, valid for six months. Don't change your mind about going to Mexico when the customs officials at the border ask ten pesos for the card. At the current rate of exchange, a peso is equal to about 21 cents; five pesos to an American dollar. The visitor's permit, which you can also obtain in advance from the Mexican Consulate, will cost you \$2.10 in American currency. You'll also need a permit to drive a car, and this will cost about 85 cents. Be sure to keep both permits and any important papers with you at all times. Incidentally, traveler's checks, accepted anywhere in Mexico, are best carried in ten-dollar denominations.

DRIVERS are advised to arrange for special Mexican insurance, either at the point of entry or through the Mexican Automobile Association. It's expensive, but it is the only insurance honored in Mexico. Plan to drive during the daytime and be sure to keep your gas tank full. Keep your eyes open for obstacles on the roads; in Mexico, animals are rarely fenced in. Observe the same precautions you would at home in leaving your car locked and never parking in dark, out-of-the-way places.

To get a first-hand picture of Mexican family life, you'll probably want to stay at a pension while you're in Mexico City. If the name of a "perfect" place doesn't crop up in conversation with your friends, you might try writing to the Patronato del Turismo, Mexico, D. F., or to the nearest Mexican Consulate for an official listing of approved hotels, courts, and pensions, ranging in price from \$2 to \$10 per night. You've no doubt heard rumors about Mexican inflation; for the most part, unfortunately, they are true. At one time the American dollar stretched a long way for the tourist, but today the situation is rather different. Mexico thrives on tourist trade, and the government, alarmed by the recent drop in the rate of tourists, has taken measures to foster American travel. A newly created tourist commission has established price ceilings for tourist facilities throughout the country, and heavy fines are imposed on violators. Should you have any serious difficulties, your problem may be clarified by the Patronato del Turismo or the American Embassy.

It's always a good idea, before traveling in Mexico, to have typhoid shots (and, by the way, always carry your vaccination certificate with you). Even with this precaution, it's best to stick to bottled waters or other bottled beverages, unless absolutely certain of your water supply. I know friends who carry a huge jug of bottled, purified spring water in their car while in Mexico, and for afternoon refreshment in out-of-the-way places, brew their own drink with powdered coffee and their own little Sterno stove.

Further hints for those who want to stay healthy include taking it easy for the first few days in the high altitudes. Mexico City, although built on a plateau, is 7,440 feet above sea level. Follow the custom of the country. Do your heavy sightseeing in the morning; take a siesta after lunch. Everybody eats between two and four; not even the mad dogs go out in the mid-

day sun. In eating, go light on the food at first. Your digestive system will be slowed down by the high altitudes. Steer clear of raw vegetables, salads and, unless they can be peeled, uncooked fruits. Even the so-called "certified" dairy products may cause trouble. A little tinned jam is a safe substitute for butter at any time. You'll want to try all the native dishes: *arroz con pollo* (chicken and rice), *enchiladas*, *tortillas*, *chile con carne*, *tamales*, but beware of an overdose of high-seasoning.

In an emergency, the American Embassy or the American-English Hospital in Mexico City will supply you with the names of many American doctors or dentists in the vicinity.

For your own sake, travel light. But choose your wardrobe intelligently. Summer or winter, you could do the whole trip in a lightweight wool suit with a change of blouses and sweaters and a top coat (evenings are cool in Mexico at any time of the year). Be prepared for some rain. An extra silk print or dark dress comes in handy on trips into the tropical sectors. A more elegant dress will make an impression at that dinner in Sanborns or Prendes, but remember that unescorted women aren't seen at night in Mexico's gay spots. Your after-dark diversions will probably consist of opera, concerts, and movies. You'll also discover that a good night's sleep is what you'll want more than anything else after a day of touring.

Cottons and seersuckers make light laundering and comfortable dressing for warm days. Polo shirts are fine with suits, but only if you have the figure for them. Remember your comfortable shoes. Let your hat be lightweight and brimmed. Carry your prescription for glasses with you, and don't forget sun-glasses. Please leave your slacks, shorts, and bare-midriff dresses at home, unless you intend to go boating or fishing at Acapulco or spend some time at a resort. Take nylon in as many departments as possible, and once again be warned, travel light!

Once in Mexico, buy a good guidebook and study it well, noting hours and days of admittance to everything. Familiarize yourself, especially, with religious festivals, and plan your itinerary so as to arrive at the scene of celebration on the right day.

If you make your headquarters in Mexico City, seat of the oldest and newest in Mexican culture, strike out for the smaller towns as soon as possible. For instance, Puebla with its pottery, tiles, and historic cathedral, is only eighty-five miles from Mexico City, with stop-offs at Cholula of the 365 churches and the Sixteenth Century Franciscan monastery at Huejotzingo. An overnight trip takes you on farther, through the Orizaba Valley to Veracruz, past steaming tropical areas where coffee, sugarcane, bananas, magnolias and orchids grow before your eyes.

Taxco, eighty miles in the other direction, can be seen in a day with a stopover at Cuernavaca for a tour of the Palace and inspection of the Rivera murals. By the way, you'll be thankful for the sturdy sport shoes when you're confronted by the 2,000 feet of stony mountainside up which lovely Taxco sprawls. If you still have time, you'll want to push on to sunny Acapulco, a playland on the Pacific. (Continued on page 124)

Books—



Of course it would not do to admit it publicly, but most of us got out of grammar school with the notion that the Founding Fathers were a set of dull old duffers in knee breeches—and if we never heard of the Great Compromise again, once the examinations were over, it would be all right with us.

This was not the teacher's fault. She could hardly be expected to teach what wasn't in the book. It certainly was not the fault of the Founding Fathers either. Carl Van Doren makes it clear in *"The Great Rehearsal"* (Viking; \$3.75) that the thirty-odd delegates who drafted the Constitution were as vigorous and human, as clever and contentious a set of men as ever shut themselves up in a single room for four months to have an argument. It is an odd commentary on the state of historical writing in America that this story should only now be told for the general reader, and that even now—although Mr. Van Doren is a competent scholar—it is not the work of a professional historian.

The title makes a point happily not labored in the text. Our situation at present, as Mr. Van Doren sees it, is not so very different from that which faced the weakly confederated thirteen states in 1787. The great problem confronting the makers of the Constitution was the sacrifice of the sovereignty of their respective states. They had to learn to think nationally, not locally, about the United States. "In 1948 the problem is how the people can learn to think internationally, not nationally, about the United Nations." Thus, although Mr. Van Doren does not insist upon it, the drama played in the State House in Philadelphia may be regarded as a rehearsal for another, even more fateful, on the world stage.

Not that *"The Great Rehearsal"* needs this link with our present perplexities to give it interest or importance. It is an absorbing story in its own right, so expertly told that it seems simple in the reading, a blow-by-blow account of the Philadelphia Convention and of what happened afterward in the ratifying conventions of the various states. The actors are briefly described, often as their colleagues saw them, and are allowed to characterize themselves in their own words.

Of nations and their builders

BY MARGARET WALLACE

All the essential documents, including the Constitution, are conveniently at hand in an appendix.

China's No. 1 White Boy

WE are perhaps the only people in the world," said Charles Pinckney at Philadelphia, "who ever had sense enough to appoint delegates to establish a general government."

A young Australian newspaper man, drinking tea in a Sydney restaurant in 1902, heard from Petrie Watson a very different estimate of the people of China. "They are people who spend so much time acquiring wisdom that they never find time to apply it," Watson said. "They need someone to put starch in them. They need someone to take hold of them like a Dutch uncle and tell them which is up wind and which is down."

Why the young Australian, whose name was William Henry Donald, should have decided that he was the man to put starch into the Chinese remains something of a mystery. Partly because he drank tea with Petrie Watson—the editor of the *China Mail* had insisted upon a teetotaler—Donald was offered a job in Hong Kong. Partly because he refused to take money for anything but his newspaper work—this astounded the Chinese, but they admired it—he attained political power. Donald trained with his own hands the revolutionary guns which reduced Nanking. He acted as adviser to Dr. Sun, to the Young Marshal, to Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. As unofficial foreign minister he dictated the reply to Japan's infamous Twenty-One Demands. The infuriated Japanese, who managed not to find him when he was interned in Santo Tomas, gave him credit for the economic organization which blocked their Asiatic conquest.

You have heard of him of course, but the chances are you haven't heard much. Donald remained a man of mystery. Only when he was dying in a naval hospital in Hawaii did he dictate to Earl Albert Selle the substance of this personal biography, *"Donald of China"* (Harper; \$3.50). It is a remarkable story of a remarkable man. Because it contradicts in scores of particulars the accepted views of men and events in China, it should be fought over for many years to come.

ANYONE whose memory reaches back to the early 1920's can recall those colored Chautauqua pennants strung across the Main Streets of the nation, the placards that promised entertainment and uplift, William Jennings Bryan and a troupe of Swiss bell ringers, for 19½ cents on a season ticket. It was a bargain any way you looked at it. For twenty years, from 1903 until 1924, the American people packed the big brown tents every summer. Then, practically overnight, the whole thing vanished without trace. What happened to Chautauqua?

This is the question Victoria Case and Robert Ormond Case set out to answer in "We Called It Culture" (Doubleday; \$3). Their research probes the origin and history of the tent circuit, the ironclad Chautauqua contract, the sales methods which induced sane businessmen to guarantee the promoters against loss. It analyzes the musical tastes and cultural aspirations of a nation that knew not radio. It brings us the full text of the lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," which Russell H. Conwell repeated an incredible 6,000 times without wearing out his audience. It is a wonderfully nostalgic bit of work, and serious historians someday will be grateful to the Cases for having given it to us.

A Mixed Shelf of Novels

THORNTON WILDER, so far as this department can recall, has never written a line merely to court popularity. The result is that he invariably commands the thoughtful attention of the reader—and not infrequently turns out to be popular as well. He does not call "The Ides of March" (Harper; \$2.75) a historical novel, but rather "a fantasia on certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman republic." (Any resemblance to our own republic is probably not coincidental.) It is made up of excerpts from the official and personal correspondence of Julius Caesar and those who knew him as master of rich, corrupt, superstition-ridden Rome. Most of the documents are imaginary, though imagined with no small wit and learning, and they draw us forward inevitably to the dictator's death.

Readers looking for amber-tinted romance should not be misled by the presence of Cleopatra and other untrammelled characters. Mr. Wilder is really preoccupied with a philosophical inquiry into the nature of freedom and responsibility, and nearly all the excitement is of an intellectual kind.

* * * *

"The Snake Pit" was one of the earliest, and remains by far the most impressive, of the current novels dealing with mental illness. Mary Jane Ward, casting about for another theme of equal timeliness and im-

pact, has been a thought less fortunate in "The Professor's Umbrella" (Random House; \$3). At the moment there is little shock value left in the subject of anti-Semitism. This one is about a gifted young English professor named Gregory Kitner who discovers, somewhat tardily perhaps, that he is not going anywhere at Tamarack University. He refuses to believe that race prejudice is the reason until he is fired on a trumped-up morals charge. Then a bitter interview with President Norton brings out the truth; Kitner, with his future in ruins, finds himself the storm center of an exceedingly unpleasant campus scandal.

It may be that Mary Jane Ward has too much discrimination and humor for the chores of the problem novelist. The people in "The Professor's Umbrella" come vigorously to life, often ignoring the issue of anti-Semitism. Professor Tom Dawson, the academic career man; the portrait of Mary Dawson etched with acid; even that political windbag, President Norton, are memorable stuff. Dawson, in fact, steals the novel.

* * * *

Ralph Ingersoll, who was publisher of *Time* magazine before he resigned to organize the newspaper *PM*, and who wrote some fast and hard-hitting books about the war, including "Top Secret," now turns his hand to fiction. At least "The Great Ones" (Harcourt, Brace; \$3) is ostensibly fiction, although picking out the real characters in it ought to be a popular parlor game this spring—those at any rate who do not, like Harold Ross and Ernest Hemingway, appear

under their own names. There are plenty of clues left lying about to help you if you are that interested.

The commanding personalities referred to in the title are Letia Long and Sturges Strong. Letia is blonde and beautiful, and almost fabulously successful at everything she sets her hand to, from acting to dress designing. Sturges founded a news magazine called *Facts*, which he had dreamed up while still at Yale, and soared to a dizzy eminence in the publishing field. "The Great Ones" is the meeting, their marriage, and their slow disenchantment. It is rather low in emotional content, but the gossip line carries considerable voltage.

* * * *

Merle Miller, who is also an alumnus of *Time* magazine, writes with engaging toughness in "That Winter" (Sloane; \$3) of the new postwar generation which has not, so far, thought of describing itself as Lost. That winter, of course, is the particularly unsettled and disappointing winter of 1945. The story's pattern is familiar, and probably F. Scott Fitzgerald might have done it better, but until another Fitzgerald comes along Mr. Miller makes an acceptable substitute.

WOODLAND WAYS

Tranquil the hours on woodland ways,

Dapple of sunlight, quicksilver sprays;

Flutter of fawn and gold and jade,

Mobile of pattern, gleam and shade;

Promise of song, hidden, unborn;

Shrill unheeded chipmunk scorn.

Brightness walks a woodland way;

Magic fills a woodland day.

—Queena Davison Miller

Washington —

Our stand on equal pay presented

BY GENEVA F. MCQUATTERS

ON the first day of a full week's hearings on Equal Pay before Sub-Committee No. 4 of the House Committee on Education and Labor taking place February 9 to 14, the Federation's executive secretary, Olive H. Huston, presented the Federation's stand on this measure which, as one of the leading planks in our legislative platform, has called forth so much concentrated effort on the part of our members.

In presenting her prepared statement, Miss Huston emphasized first of all the fundamental justice of the proposed legislation, and, next, the adverse effect which the enforced undercutting on the part of women of established rates of pay must inevitably have on our economic system. She also called the attention of the members of the Sub-Committee to the fact that although women are paid less than men, there is no difference in the price which they, in common with men, must pay for the necessities of life.

At the conclusion of her presentation, Miss Huston was greeted with a barrage of questions and comments. These she answered or parried with a dexterity, an invincible logic and a store of facts, and, withal, a disarming good humor and quickness of wit which obviously impressed the members of the committee and won their respectful consideration.

Asked how she could reconcile the demand of women for equal pay with the fact that women were less likely than men to remain permanently on the job, Miss Huston replied that, speaking for herself, she would say that throughout her working years she had been quite as permanently on the job as any man she knew, and for the same reasons—she needed her job in order to earn a living. Speaking for working women as a whole, she quoted facts and figures, gathered by the Federation, that indicate that ninety-seven per cent of the women who work do so because they must support themselves, that about forty-nine per cent of them must support others also, and that eighteen per cent are the sole support of their households.

Representatives of other women's organizations and of various labor groups presented their viewpoints



A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.

All Washington flocks to the tidal basin as the cherry blossoms bloom again

through their accredited representatives. Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas of California, as sponsor for the measure in the House, was the first speaker and Congresswoman Margaret Chase Smith, who was unable to be present at the hearing, sent in a written statement for the record favoring the measure.

On the last day, two representatives of industry presented the views of the National Association of Manufacturers. They subscribed to the principle of equal pay, producing in evidence a resolution passed by the organization in 1912. They did, however, take exception to several provisions of the bill, and ultimately questioned sharply the necessity for Federal legislation at all, giving as their reason that the principle is "something which is now being voluntarily accomplished by the parties (meaning management and labor) themselves."

THE two identical bills under consideration were HR 14408 (Smith, Me.) and HR 4273 (Douglas, Calif.). These were the same bills which the Federation supported in the 79th Congress.

The Sub-Committee, to a man, seemed sympathetic to the principle of equal pay, but had many questions and revealed obvious doubts concerning certain terminology and provisions of administration, should the bill become law. It was evident that if the Sub-Committee should report the bill, it will be with many changes. It remains for the Sub-Committee to

render a report to the full Committee on Education and Labor, and for the Committee to report it favorably to the House.

No one seems willing to hazard a guess as to whether or not there is any expectation that the measure will be passed by this Congress. In general, there is a feeling that the possibilities are slight. The list of must legislation is so long, that a bill with such scant political implication will probably fall by the wayside.

It is more likely that there will be action on the Equal Rights Amendment. Hearings on this began in

the House on March 10, before Sub-Committee No. 1 of the Judiciary. The splendid work being done on the home front makes for more optimistic prospects than ever before. Some men for the first time are indicating active interest. This can definitely be attributed to the fine work done by our members in their states and congressional districts. Senate action also seems imminent. With continuing efforts, therefore, we can be confident of real progress. It is widely acknowledged that the justice and importance of this legislation should not be overlooked—most particularly in an election year.

TO CHART THE NEXT CENTURY OF WOMEN'S PROGRESS

Celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the first declaration of women's

rights, representatives of women's organizations respond to our president's invitation

to review past achievements, survey what remains to be achieved and lay plans for future effort

IN commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Women's Declaration of Sentiments at the first woman's rights convention in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848, the National Federation's president, Sally Butler, called together representatives of national women's organizations on March 19 for a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

"While this luncheon marks the first century of women's progress since that little band of intrepid women launched the first organized effort to improve the status of women in this country," said Miss Butler, "we shall spend our time here this afternoon in considering the outlook for the next century. We look to our distinguished speakers here this afternoon to provide us with a comprehensive survey of the rights women have yet to win, and to show us where we are failing to use the rights that those Seneca Falls pioneers and their successors won for us. From the discussion following the addresses of our speakers, we hope will come a clearer view of our common problems and a better understanding of our common goals."

The speakers of the occasion were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, chairman of the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations, who spoke on "Women in World Affairs"; Marie Sellers, director of Consumer Service of the General Foods Corporation, who spoke on "Women in Business"; Dr. Mirra Komarovsky, professor of the Department of Sociology of Barnard College, who spoke on "Women in Education"; and Mary Donlon, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board of the State of New York, who spoke on "Women in Government."

At the place of each guest was placed a handsome souvenir program. As a reminder of the great changes that have taken place during the past century not only in the position of women, but in the attitudes of mind of women toward themselves and toward men, an appropriate quotation from the Seneca Falls Declaration was placed opposite each of the topics of the discussion.

Opposite the topic "Women in World Affairs," the speaker for which is a chairman of a commission of the United Nations, appeared the paragraph: "He (man) has endeavored in every way that he could to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life."

Quoted opposite the topic, "Women in Business," handled by a woman executive of one of the largest corporations of the country, were the words: "He (man) has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments and from those she is permitted to follow she receives but a scanty remuneration."

Opposite the topic, "Women in Education," discussed by a woman college professor, was cited the statement: "He (man) has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her."

Opposite the topic, "Women in Government," presented by a woman in a government post, the seasoned women voters present read: "He (man) has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise. He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice."

The invitations to the luncheon went out to the various representatives of women's organizations on February 15—a date which the Federation, in common with other women's organizations, commemorates annually as the birthday of Susan B. Anthony. Miss Anthony, although not at the Seneca Falls meeting, promptly joined the women who had called it and almost at once became one of their chief leaders.

Because the luncheon took place just as the April issue of INDEPENDENT WOMAN was about to go to press, a full report of the addresses and the discussion cannot be given here. It will appear, however, in July when INDEPENDENT WOMAN will publish a special Woman's Centennial issue, the meeting at Seneca Falls having been held on the fourteenth of that month.

Harness your frustrations

BY JEAN GRIFFITH BENGÉ

A GALLON of gasoline contains great potential energy. That energy can be liberated as power to drive an automobile carrying five human beings perhaps fifteen miles. Tiny explosions take place inside the cylinder of the motor as, drop by drop, the energy of the gasoline is released. That same gallon of gasoline could cause a large single explosion, too; it would, in fact, probably burn everything in sight. Not the power itself, but *how it is released* is the significant difference.

An active, energetic person whose energies are not well controlled is likely, under opposition, to release repressed feelings in a display of temper: hot words; the slamming of doors or the spanking of innocent children.

What we need to realize is that such outbursts are bloodsuckers of the personality. Control that pent-up emotional energy and set it free with a drop-by-drop technique, it may accomplish great things. With that energy you could take a course of study, play a round of golf, seek a new group of friends, paint a landscape, write a short story, knit a sweater or carve a wood plaque.

An illustration may serve to show how this works. Two young men, whom we shall call Tom and Dick, were desperately in love with the same girl, whom we shall call Anne. Each of the two was convinced that his whole future happiness rested upon his winning Anne for his wife. But Anne hesitated, unable to choose between the two. Then fate stepped in; Anne was killed in an automobile accident. Both young men were equally racked with grief, but they handled their emotions in a different manner. Tom's anguish was entirely uncontrolled. Like many another who has not learned the secret of control, he sought refuge in intoxication, and ultimately slipped down into the morass of chronic alcoholism. Dick, on the other hand, sought escape from his grief in constructive activity. He enrolled for a night course in law, studied diligently, and was in due time admitted to the bar, where he acquitted himself with distinction and finally became a greatly respected judge. Dick harnessed the energies released by his frustration and they carried him forward to great achievement. Tom let his run riot with the result that they exploded his personality.

Our frustrations do unquestionably bring us discontent and unhappiness. Naturally we don't like being forced to do things that are uninteresting or abhorrent to us; naturally we don't like to be denied expression for our desires. Thwarted desires are hard to combat. They

may result in apathy and inertia as well as in futile rages, or in character-destroying efforts at escape. But the energies they release *can* be turned to account in the development of personality.

That about-face does not occur, however, without conscious direction from you. You must take command of the situation and prove that you are bigger than your problems.

Perhaps you have a keen desire to get on, to feel proud of your accomplishments. These basic wants gnaw at your vitals, demanding action. The hunger for worth-whileness stirs within you. It is quite normal to crave importance in the scheme of life's action, to want to feel needed. Great wealth is not the significant value you seek; your soul must be fed. Contentment and happiness, which are food and drink to the ego, are the result of being able to do the things you strongly yearn to do.

When emotional frustration grips you, many involuntary changes occur inside your body: the liver releases its stores of blood sugar (glycogen); digestion slows up or ceases; heart, lungs and sweat glands heighten their activities; blood supply to the large muscles increases; those mysterious adrenal glands play Paul Revere to the body, sending chemical messengers all over the circulatory system, stimulating bodily functions.

Great power surges through the system. Here, again, not the power itself, but *how it is released* is the important thing. Like the gasoline, it can blow up in an emotional outburst, it can burn insidiously, as in envy or resentment, or it can be redirected into the cylinders of resolve, there to pound upon the piston-heads of accomplishment.

From my files, I select the following examples: Lillian W., housewife, aged forty. Her fifteen-year-old daughter, only child, died of pneumonia. Her husband was killed suddenly in an auto wreck, hurrying to reach the bedside of his dying daughter. Lillian, in the agony of her double grief, picked up a metal letter opener, and made a triple tragedy.

GEORGE H., businessman, aged forty-two. Wife a nagger, always threatening to leave him. When their sixteen-year-old daughter, unmarried, became pregnant, George clubbed them both to death, then calmly surrendered himself to the police.

A spinster, aged thirty-two. She fell madly in love with the husband of her best friend. She poured out her

emotional power in verse. She is now recognized as perhaps the greatest woman poet America has produced. Her name was Emily Dickinson.

A lawyer, aged fifty-six. He felt strongly about the social injustices to mankind, particularly to Negroes. He wrote and spoke with great fervor and sincerity about freedom and equality, finally he died a martyr to his beliefs, but not before having been elected President of the United States. His resentment against man's inhumanity to man turned into high resolve and history-changing action. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

You can direct the energy of your frustrations to a constructive and satisfying goal if you practice control. To some, such control comes easy; to others, hard. Delaying your response to irritating situations is the first point of attack. You can then control energies by channeling them through habits of observing, thinking and doing. If you are a "flop" socially, turn your disappointment into observing what the successful social lions do, that is to say, into the development of new habits of observation; by acquiring interesting topics of conversation, that is, by developing new habits of thinking; and doing the extrovert acts which will gradually make you popular, that is, by developing new habits of doing.

If you want to be president of your club, *observe* things which should be done by your club or community, *learn* parliamentary procedure or information pertinent to your objectives and *do* things about it—speak, write, and rally others behind you. If you desire above all things else to find a mate, note where eligible

men are, study how to make yourself desirable to these eligibles and join groups where you will rub shoulders with them. Once again, observation, thought and action can channel your desires constructively.

It requires time to accomplish these new habit patterns. They cannot be achieved in a week or two. Perseverance, patience and care are necessary. Good habits are like ditches which crisscross arid fields of futility. By means of them you can irrigate your life, flooding it with positive emotional power.

Keeping pace with the full, though oftentimes dull, tempo of your daily chores in life *can* become monotonous, depressing and even frustrating. Repeatedly you are forced to do things against your desires—not allowed to do what you want to do. You may feel you are merely being tossed by the ebb and flow of life's tides. If so, take time out to set your sails by the compass of desires.

PERHAPS you have a hunch that, given a few lessons, you could sketch, paint, carve wood, or write stories. Possibly your yen is along more practical lines—sewing, knitting, baking a cake, gardening, metal working. Experiment with *your* dream hunch; it may prove a satisfying outlet for the power locked up in your frustration. Give it a good tryout. Prove to yourself that you *can* convert your disappointment feelings into inner contentment and happiness. You *can* pour your negative emotions into your dreams and weave a gossamer of happiness.

There is great power in you if you will only put it to work. Will you harness it, or will it harness you?

TO DEVELOP NATIONAL TEN-YEAR HEALTH PROGRAM

As the initial step in the development of a ten-year health program for the nation, the newly organized National Health Assembly will hold its first meeting in Washington, May 1-4.

The Assembly will consist of representatives of public and private organizations and agencies in the country concerned with various phases of the nation's health. Preliminary estimates are that some 800 people will attend the Assembly sessions. The deliberations will be chiefly in the form of panel discussions, each panel to explore fully a phase of the health problem.

In announcing the Assembly, Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, summed up the ground to be covered as follows:

To see what we have—to know accurately the health facilities and personnel of the nation and of each community.

To determine what we need; the difference between the two will show us our health deficits.

To devise feasible methods of meeting these deficits.

"No one of us," declared Mr. Ewing, "has the whole answer. But teamwork is in the American tradi-

tion and in the spirit of our present endeavor. Many groups and many individuals must pool their experience, their technical knowledge and their collective wisdom.

"One important thing that we hope will come out of the Assembly is a clearer picture of just how much agreement there is in certain supposedly controversial health fields. I have an idea we are going to find that these areas of agreement are larger than many people think. Once we have that established, we can find out how far we can all go forward on a nationwide front. To the extent that the Assembly achieves this, it will produce a solid foundation for the ten-year program which the President has asked the Federal Security Administrator to draw up.

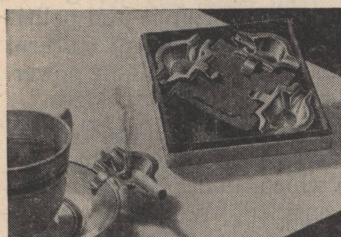
"In addition, what comes out of the Assembly should have immediate benefits as:

A guide to community action for local health improvements. A detailed, practical pattern of cooperation among all organizations operating in the health field—public and private; national, state, and local.

A more detailed and specific knowledge of our present health picture and of the job that has to be done to improve it."

This Month —

ON our regular monthly prowl through the New York shops in quest of new things you busy businesswomen may not have seen yet and might like to know about, we came across the various items noted below. As vacation time approaches, we shall keep our weather eye out for good looking garments that pack easily and will not crush, packing aids and other ingenious contrivances that will add to the comfort and convenience of travel when you start out for convention or vacation.



HERE'S news of a real find for hostesses whose pet peeve is cigarette ash in the saucers of coffee cups, or, worse still, in the dishwasher. As you will see from the picture, they are tiny ash trays that you fasten to the saucer of a coffee cup with a clip. That means every smoker has an ash tray of her (or his) very own—a very delicate, tactful and pretty hint to your guests to please use the ash tray and not the cup or saucer. They are called Demi-tray and come in an attractive design in silver plate. If you're wondering what to give for graduation presents, June weddings, Mother's Day—well, here's your answer. And if you decide also to give one to yourself, we'll guarantee that you'd find the money well spent. The price is moderate—a set of four ash trays for \$3.50, tax included, gift wrapped and postpaid. You can order them by mail from Alfred H. Glasser, 421 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

IF the pores of your skin are subject to clogging from creams, powder and other cosmetics, your choice for the gadget of the month would probably fall to a new device known as the Bache Blackhead Remover. It does its work quickly and painlessly and entirely without the hazard involved in using a hairpin or any of those other make-shifts that always leave an unsightly mark behind and have been known to cause infections. It even enables you to remove back blemishes that show up so distressingly when you put on your best formal. To be had from Ella Bache, 24 East 55th Street, New York 22, N. Y., for \$1.25 postpaid.



It's a pleasure to report that the convenient garment doubling as a panty and bra that Vanity Fair used to put out before the war is back again. Vanity Fair calls it a chemise, but it has no more in common with the sturdy cover-upper that, in the past, went under that name than has a pair of pantalettes with our modern briefs. Now

that we're wearing petticoats again, it does away with the need for a slip. The tailored model on the left is fashioned from Vanity Fair's superlative new next-to-the-skin fabric called Peachglo, which is made with nylon in order to insure greater strength. It comes in a delicate shade called cameo in all the wanted sizes and retails at \$3.98 for the regular sizes and \$4.95 for the out sizes. The dainty, lace-trimmed model on the right is made of sheer nylon tricot in dawn nude, midnite black and star white in sizes 32-38, and retails for \$7.95. Ask to see these garments at your department store or lingerie shop the next time you are out shopping.

If you're one of those coffee lovers who finds that regular coffee prevents you from getting to sleep, we'd like to acquaint you with the new instant decaffeinated Sanka coffee. You can drink all you want of it after dinner, or even late in the evening, and then turn in and sleep like a babe. If you like a quick cup of coffee as an eye-opener the first thing in the morning, why not keep a jar of instant Sanka on your bedside table along with a pint thermo-jug of boiling hot water? Instant Sanka may be obtained at grocery and delicatessen stores for about fifty cents a jar; the Therm-O-Jug can be found at leading department stores in large cities or at Lewis & Conger, New York, N. Y., at \$9.95.



At a game nite party given by the Gotham BPW Club in New York recently, the members who were fortunate enough to be present received a free lesson in the care of the skin which alone was well worth the price of admission. The lesson was given by one of the experts of Goubaud de Paris, a cosmetic company formerly exclusive to the capitals of Europe which has recently opened numerous shops throughout the larger cities of our country. At the conclusion of the demonstration an invitation was extended to all those present to call at one of the New York shops for a complimentary skin analysis and a specially mixed box of face powder. For further information, address Goubaud de Paris, 743 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

—D. B. S.

PILOT—POLITICO

(Continued from page 101)

find ways and means of paying for her own lessons. She accomplished this by teaching English to army aviation officers in return for flying time.

Her troubles really began when, after earning her pilot's license (the first ever issued to a Mexican woman), she began looking around in earnest for a job. It was not that there was any scarcity of jobs. On the contrary, there was a scarcity of pilots. The difficulty was that Emma was a girl. What? A woman pilot in Mexico? *Vaya!* It was unheard of. Ribald laughter haunted her for days. She was overwhelmed with dismay. So this was the country she had come home to! Whatever was she to do?

DEVisING a plan, Emma Encinas wrote to Amelia Earhart, whom she idolized, explaining her difficulties. The reply which she received promptly brought advice and encouragement. This was the first of many such letters. Amelia Earhart became one of her best friends and gave her a membership in the Ninety Niners, international organization of woman flyers. Fan mail from prominent woman flyers the world over congratulated her as Mexico's first woman flyer.

Thereafter, the going was much easier and Emma got her first job with an airline which had just started operations. When Barberán and Col-lar, the Spanish flyers, disappeared between Mexico and Cuba, Emma went out with the other pilots to search for them. It was while she was on this mission, in a small jungle town in Veracruz, that she met José Gutierrez, the handsome young doctor whom she married in 1935.

For the great majority of women, marriage precludes any sort of activity outside of the home, but not for Emma. Tea parties were not uplifting to her, nor could she adapt herself to the somewhat static society of the circle into which marriage drew her. Her in-laws blamed her American education. But she continued living without giving too much ear to the criticism of friends and relatives. After settling in the jungles near Coatzacoalcas, Veracruz, with her husband, who specialized in tropical diseases, she continued flying on a part-time schedule. Here, and later in the equally arid town of Fresnillo, Zacatecas, she had plenty of time to consider the sad lot of her fellow countrywomen. Everywhere, women seeking jobs were discriminated

against. They were underpaid by their employers and ridiculed by their families. She did not like what she saw and decided that some day she would do something about it.

In September, 1944, Emma went back to the capital with her husband and turned her talents to writing. She had always wanted to write, but it had been impossible in the jungle. She sought for, and landed, the job of assistant publicity and advertising director for American Airlines of Mexico. As the first woman in Mexico to hold a job of this kind, she had the satisfaction of knowing (when she took time off to have a baby) that a young woman had been chosen to replace her.

She has been writing for such periodicals as *Anahuac* and *Alas*. In the latter, her "*Damas del Espacio*," a column dealing with women in aviation, has run continuously since April, 1945. To top her exploits in the journalistic field, she has now begun to chalk up successes in leading periodicals of the United States.

When I called on Señora de Gutierrez in her lovely home in the *Colonia del Valle*, she had settled herself for afternoon tea following an exhaustive siege of renovating and decorating. A maid wheeled in the tea wagon, equipped with fine linens and beautiful silver. Dr. Gutierrez joined us for a few minutes' respite from a very busy practice. He is proud of his wife for her "firsts" on the woman's front in Mexico. "So far as money is concerned," he explained, "Emma doesn't need to work. But women like her need to have the sense of mastery and accomplishment that comes with hard tasks well done, and we men are not very sporting about it when we deny them these activities."

SEÑORA de Gutierrez is a good cook and housekeeper. In addition to managing her home with the help of a maid, she enjoys doing needlework. "But," she says, "though I like keeping house for my husband, it doesn't use up a tenth of my energies, and then where am I? I'd be bored to extinction without my other activities."

These activities now include, besides writing, membership on the advisory staff of *Universidad Femenina*

de Mexico (the school of the famed Adela Formoso de Obregón Santacilia), and leadership of such clubs as the International Women's, the Pan-American Round Table, *Liga Panamericana* (a writers' group), the Friendship (devoted to helping newcomers to Mexico), and *Fraternidad de Damas* (a group that does social work). And that isn't all, by any means.

One of the projects in which she is, at the moment, most actively and vitally interested is the recently formed Women's Federation (*Alianza de Agrupaciones Femeninas Culturales y Asistencia*), which comprises some sixteen different women's clubs, and of which she has been named secretary general. The purpose of the Federation is to organize Mexican women for civic and political action. "As independent cultural groups, we have no bargaining power. The Federation gives us strength."

An important task of the Federation is to try to secure for women the rights to which, under Mexican law, they are entitled. "We have to teach our women that they can be good wives and mothers and still participate in the affairs of the larger world. We believe that it is not only their privilege to use their talents outside of their homes, but that it is their duty."

The first specific task of the Federation has been that of directing the government's attention to the needs of working women and children. "Mexico has some good labor laws—on paper," Señora Gutierrez explained. "But they have been flagrantly violated. We are urging enforcement of these laws. For this purpose we have recommended the formation of a special board of control to report directly to the president."

Nor will the work of the Federation be limited to Mexico City. As more leaders are developed, they will be sent to interior towns and villages to organize local Federations of women's groups. All Mexican clubwomen will then be rounded up in a great crusade for women citizens. "We are going to study the laws and see that the good ones are enforced. We will encourage education as the most important social service of our times. We will not allow our men to misrule Mexico forever."

This is a far cry from the voice of the little Yankee-hating Mexican girl. It is the voice of a leader who has a plan for bringing her countrywomen into alignment with the modern world.

GOLDEN KEY—with music

Song dedicated to the National Federation by Carrie Jacobs Bond. Per copy...\$40



This may be your opportunity!

Do you *really* have the opportunity to make the most of your future — in happiness and increasing income?

Is your future *really* in your own hands?
Are you "sure of it"?

If you can answer "yes" to all three questions — you are one of a very few — and this message is *not* for you!

But — if you are facing the future with even the slightest doubt and uncertainty . . .

if you want to be financially independent . . .

if you want a *real career* — this message is for you — and you owe it to yourself to read every word of it!

A wider field for your personal development

We can offer — *right now* — a career that's practically without limit! If you qualify for one of these key positions, you literally set your own salary and your own hours. You will have an opportunity for advancement to a position of leadership that is rarely available. You will be in a business, which by its very

nature, is a "woman's business." You will have a career in a field with the *widest* and *deepest* appeal to women. For what woman from 16 to 60 doesn't love and long for her own precious Sterling Silver — the symbol of the sort of home every woman wants?

Professional training costs you nothing

Entirely at our expense, you will be thoroughly schooled for your new profession. Even the preliminary Aptitude Test is given you without charge! You will enjoy your position as an associate of this nationally known, nationally advertised concern. You will enjoy the widening contacts you make. You will find us informal and friendly. You will enjoy independence and a freedom no "time-clock" job can ever offer. Most of all, you will enjoy the security and pride which a better income brings and with this better income, an ever increasing opportunity to enjoy the better things of life.

Remember Alice in Wonderland?

Remember when Alice found she had to run twice as hard just to stay in the same place? *Routine can do that.* If you're *not* satisfied with standing still or marking time . . . if you want to be "farther ahead" financially and professionally next year than this year . . . if you want a career that's completely *yours* . . . write us now. That letter may be the most important letter of your life! If you are over 27 and free from home responsibilities . . . if you own and drive a car, personal interview will be arranged and you may be sure that your confidence will be completely respected. And, may we suggest that you get the letter off right now? Such an opportunity as this doesn't happen often, you know. Address your letter to the personal attention of Mr. T. S. Knight, President.

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"I carry memories of six grand, prosperous and enjoyable years, working for and with the finest company and sterling all the way through." G. P. Illinois

"It was a great day for me when I began to work with your organization nearly seven years ago. It surely has been the best seven years of my life." L. S. Michigan

"My work has been and is profitable, interesting and enjoyable.

The freedom of working when, where and how I choose is the main attraction." E. L. H. Delaware

"My checks are helping me pay off the mortgage on our home and assist our children with their college education." C. F. California

"Royal Crest Sterling has helped me reach many goals and achieve a feeling of independence and certain security that I have strived for for years." G. L. Texas

*Names and addresses available upon request.

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GOING TO MEXICO?

(Continued from page 114)

And reserve a Friday for market day at Toluca. You're allowed to bring \$100 worth of Mexico back to the United States duty free, so set aside some of that for the remarkable Toluca basketry.

Not far from Mexico City is another delightful spot, Cuautla, in Morelos, famous for its mineral baths and charming French hotel and the Posada Linda Vista. Combine, if you wish, Amecameca, Cuautla, Taxco, and Acapulco. Other suggested excursions out of Mexico City are: Guadalupe, Acolman, Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon; Patzcuaro, Uruapan, Volcano Parcutin; Oaxaca (an overnight trip with good hotels available); Morelia, Guadalajara, San Pedro Tlaquepaque (City of Pottery); Mayan ruins of Chichen Itza and Uxmal. Take your choice of these and many more, and count on at least \$10 per day for board and lodging.

Sunday and Xochimilco are synonymous, despite warnings that it's "a commercial day—all the Americans go then." Well, so do all the Mexicans, and at these botanic

gardens, your canoe will float past many flowered boats bearing gay Mexican families, crowded about tables which are heaped high with many colorful foods. The following Sunday should be reserved for Chapultepec Park, and, if you feel you must see one, later in the afternoon, a bullfight.

In the smaller towns, walk the Plaza on band concert nights, and try your hand at a game of bingo, popular now over all of Mexico. Take a bus or street car into the countryside and maybe share a seat with a man and his box of hens. But remember that everywhere in Mexico the attitude toward women is not that of the U. S. A.

As a traveler, you can go a long way towards creating good will with our friends to the South by adapting yourself to their customs without criticism, by learning, with intelligence and understanding, the background and present conditions of their country, and by making yourself a worthy emissary of our United States.

You'll find your trip to Mexico a more enriching experience if you take with you, or read before you leave, some of the following books.

BOOKS TO READ ON MEXICO

Journeying Through Mexico. By MacKinley Helm. New York: Little, Brown.

Mexico South. By Migual Covarubias. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

New Guide to Mexico. By Frances Toor. New York: Crown Publishers.

Now in Mexico. By Hudson Strode. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co.

Terry's Guide to Mexico. By T. Philip Terry. Privately printed.

These Are the Mexicans. By Herbert Cerwin. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.

This Is Mexico. By Evalyn McNally & Dr. Andrew McNally, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead.

You Must Go to Mexico. By Cecil & Fred Carnes. Chicago: Ziff-Davis.

Your Mexican Holiday. By Anita Brenner. New York: Putnam.

CONVERSATIONAL SPANISH

What You Want to Say and How to Say It in Spanish. By Betelho. New York: McCrae-Smith. 50¢.

This Is Hispano-America: Customs, Language. By Ibarra. New York: Academy of Languages. \$1.

Spoken Spanish for Travelers and Students. By Kany. New York: Heath. \$1.60.

Spanish for Your Mexican and Cuban Visits. By Toor. Mexico: Frances Toor Studio. \$1.50.

Aqui Se Habla Espanol. By Marguerita Lopez. New York: Heath. \$1.60.

A Mexico Por Automovil. By Grismer and Olmstead. New York: Macmillan. \$1.50.

Embarrassing Moments in Spanish. By Mosel. Publ. by Ungar. \$1.50.

Spanish At Sight. Illustrated. By Stillman and Gode. Publ. by Crowell. \$1.75.

An Invitation to Spanish. By Madrigal and Madrigal. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD

WHEN you register at the biennial convention, you will be asked to show your club membership card. If you are unable to produce it, you will be required to take the matter up with the credentials chairman. You'll save yourself and the credentials chairman time and trouble if, before you leave home for the convention, you make sure that your club membership card is in your handbag.

Mrs. Steven's PECAN MADCAPS

Those favorite chewy, crunchy sweets of rich caramel, roasted pecans and milk chocolate, in attractively decorated serving tin. Excellent for gifts.



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Removes blackheads safely—Does not mark or bruise delicate skin tissues. No other remover like it. Chrome plated—Postpaid, \$1.25.



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MAKE MONEY For Group Needs

Any club, women's group, sisterhood or church organization can use cash for special doings and purposes. Members can easily earn money by selling APLETS—an exquisite fruit confection that Hollywood recently judged as one of America's nine outstanding confections. APLETS have repeatedly entered the White House... even been sent to Royalty. It's fun, and APLETS are easy to sell—people simply love them. Hundreds of dollars have been made during the last 25 years by women selling APLETS among their groups, guilds, neighbors and office workers. If you can use \$50, \$100 and more, write for details.

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Send No Money—We Trust You

WINDOW OF DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 103)

ly, the owners selected the old home of the Village Blacksmith, made famous by the Cambridge poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Until recently this old colonial home had been a restaurant known as The Cock Horse Inn. A wing, added many years ago, is now the gift shop. There are dining rooms on the first and second floors, and, in the summer, patrons may dine in the quiet garden once shaded by the "spreading chestnut tree"—now blessed with its offspring.

Somehow the words of the Cambridge bard relive in this new atmosphere.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

The current patronage is a far cry from the twenty-five-patron-per-day beginnings. Some 8,000 customers per day are now accommodated, and there is a long waiting line every evening at dinner time. The Window Shop serves only European dishes such as goulash, apple strudel and paprika chicken. At tea time and for dessert a variety of Austrian and French pastries are served.

The restaurant now has thirty-seven employees—all refugees—and the whole business keeps approximately one hundred and fifty paid workers occupied. The two original founders are still mainstays of the organization, with Mrs. Alice Perutz-Broch as manager of the restaurant and Miss Mary Mohrer, of the gift shop.

The Window Shop has become an inspiring testimonial to the American tradition. Democracy provided the opportunity for its development, but the perseverance and courage on the part of two women provided an opportunity for many new citizens to live and work in peace and freedom.

PAST PRESIDENT GUARD

14k. yellow gold only. A scroll in blue enamel with words "past president" in gold. Including fed. tax \$4.20



Age No Obstacle Says Successful Student

"Since taking your Course, I am making contributions almost weekly. One of the first to be accepted was published in the Michigan Conservation Magazine. Age is not a barrier. If you have the least desire and some initiative, you can learn to write the easy N.I.A. way. NOW is the time to 'cash in' on a writing career."—Mrs. D. T. Owen, R.R. No. 6, 1929 Orchard Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, home-making, hobbies, travel, local, club and church activities, sports, social matters, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instructions on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week, as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

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Our unique Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You will enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, New York.

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THE BULLETIN BOARD

To Educate Public On Need For Voting Machines

IN addition to the unusual number of its activities as the hostess club to the biennial convention, the Fort Worth Club is carrying on an energetic campaign designed to educate the voters of Tarrant County to the importance of voting machines to securing to the county a genuinely secret ballot. Cooperating with the club in this endeavor is the Fort Worth Junior Chamber of Commerce. The County Commissioners, whose task it will be to procure the machines, are favorable to the project, and announce that enough money is on hand to make the initial payment on them. Talks and demonstrations in voting with a machine have been given before most of the civic groups of Fort Worth.

A "Who's Who" of Women in Policy Making Posts

Do you need, for your work in promoting qualified women for policy making posts in your state, information in regard to women who, in recent years, have received appointments to policy making posts in the governments of the various states of our country? You will find it in a veritable "Who's Who" of the subject published by the Women's National Institute. The document is in the form of a report on a survey made during 1947 by the Women's National Institute. It has already been sent to state Public Affairs chairmen by the Federation's president, Sally Butler. Others may now obtain it by sending an order accompanied by 30 cents to the Women's National Institute, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York city. The official title is "Survey of 48 States Re Women in Government."

Lady Lord Mayor a Speaker at International Night Dinner

WORD comes from the flourishing BPW Club of Manchester, England, that one of the speakers at the International night dinner given by the club during International Week was the Lady Lord Mayor of the city, Alderman Mary L. Kingsmill Jones. The Lady Lord Mayor has been a member of the city council for twenty-six years, and has made a fine record during her term of office. She has just been elected to Rotary, the first woman, according to the secretary of the Manchester Club, to receive that honor. Alderman Jones said that she had always believed in and worked

for equal pay for equal work, now known in England as "the rate for the job." It had taken her, she declared, twenty-six years of work on the city council to reach her present position as Mayor. "Now it has happened." This, she implied, is an indication of the more favorable attitude of the public toward women in public office. The Manchester Club now numbers 130 members, "all very active and some doing some very worthwhile work."

If You Need Material On Ways To Curb Inflation

CLUBS which are planning to hold a discussion on ways that we, as women, can employ in order to help curb inflation will find a suggestion well worth considering in a leaflet issued by the Treasury Department and available free of charge to women's groups. For this, and for any further information on savings bonds, write to the director of the Women's Section, U. S. Savings Bonds Division, Treasury Department, Washington 25, D. C.

Elected a Vice Chairman Of National Committee For Traffic Safety

THE Federation's chairman of Health and Safety, Dr. Irma Gene Nevins, who is also president of the Washington, D. C., Club, has just been elected a vice chairman of the National Committee for Traffic Safety. The other vice chairman and the chairman of the committee are men. Members of the committee stated that their reason for wanting Dr. Nevins in the office of vice president was because of her offices and connections in the BPW Federation.

State President Awarded A Scholarship To Study Law

THE members of the Mississippi Federation are rejoicing over the honor and the opportunity that has recently come to their energetic young president, Bonnie Mills, in the form of a scholarship to study law at the law school of the University of Mississippi at Oxford. The scholarship is the thirty-seventh to be awarded by the Robert D. Sanders Foundation. Miss Mills has been enrolled in the law school, and is already hard at work on her studies.

Our Greetings To Our New Federation Baby

TELEGRAMS of felicitation and rejoicing from Federation members descended thick and fast upon the

Philadelphia home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Taylor when it became known that on March 4 Mrs. Taylor had given birth to a handsome and healthy ten-pound son. As Isabel Claridge, Mrs. Taylor became known throughout the country for her numerous services to the National Federation, and it was while acting as treasurer of the National that she became Mrs. Taylor. As Isabel Claridge Taylor she has now served for a number of years as treasurer of the International. The child's name is John.

Named Women of the Year in Their Respective Fields

WHEN the business and civic leaders of Atlanta, Georgia, got together at their annual banquet this year to name the women of the year in various fields of welfare work as well as for the whole city, they selected for the fields of social welfare and the professions, two members of the Atlanta BPW Club. They were Angela Cox, director of the Family Welfare Society, who was chosen "for her seventeen years of loyal and consecrated service to the Atlanta community," and Dr. Elizabeth Martin, for her volunteer services in attending to the obstetrical work of the Florence Crittenton Home. Last year, Mrs. Mamie K. Taylor, president of the Georgia Federation and active member of the Atlanta Club, was chosen Woman of the Year for all Atlanta.

Awarded First Place In Regional Auditions

MEMBERS of the Zelienople, Pennsylvania, Club are elated over the fact that in the Pittsburgh regional auditions held by the Associated Concert Bureau of New York and sponsored in Pennsylvania by the Federated Music Clubs of the state, first place was awarded to one of their members, Mrs. Alberta Childs Wright, well known in musical circles as the talented young pianist, Alberta Childs. Beginning with an appearance at Town Hall under the auspices of the Columbia Concert Bureau, Alberta Childs will be heard in a series of recitals in New York throughout the summer. Many members of the Pennsylvania Federation who are within easy traveling distance of New York are planning to be present at the first recital at Town Hall and make it a really gala occasion.

THEY "DUDE" IT!

(Continued from page 104)

was running water in the house.

Against the advice of their Sweetwater County neighbors, who discouraged the novice ranchers, a well was drilled. Today that well—the only one in the Sweetwater country—provides water for a 550-gallon tank from an underground stream.

Water was only one problem. Daily there were dilemmas for the three to solve. Edie, whose previous culinary experience had been limited to fixing snacks in the WAC barracks, took over the operation of the kitchen. Armed with three cookbooks, she set out to master quantity cookery and home canning. Today the Lucky GJ sets a superb table, and the ranch storerooms are crammed with every variety of canned fruit and vegetable.

Kelly, who is tops as an ice-breaker, is official hostess, welcoming guests with the aid of Toni, a golden cocker spaniel, who also came from Big Spring. Cap Smith is in charge of general ranch work and takes care of most of the business details in-

volved in running the ranch. Gene Godat, a native of the Sweetwater country, is ranch foreman and guide for Lucky GJ guests who want to hunt the deer that abound in the area.

Guests who come to the ranch find that scenic beauty is only one of its attributes. There's fishing, hunting and year-round horseback riding as well.

After a day in the saddle, the only kind of night life in which guests are likely to be interested is the kind the ranch provides—an informal gathering around the log fire in the big fireplace in the living room.

And the ranch's owners haven't stopped dreaming, either. Now they're planning to build a small lake right on the 300-acre ranch so that there will be year-round fishing. They've talked of constructing a practice golf course and of building an outdoor dance floor that will double as a tennis court and winter ice-skating rink. And if their previous attempts at turning dreams into reality are fair criteria, there *will* be a lake, golf course and dance floor—and that in the not-too-dim-and-distant future.

Business and Professional Woman Study at Home

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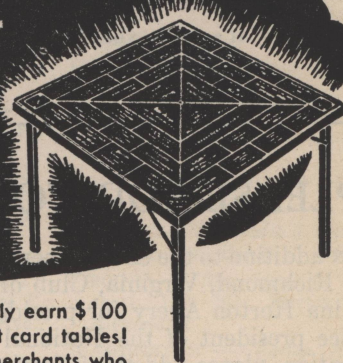
646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR HOTEL RESERVATIONS?

IF you have not made your hotel reservation for the biennial, send your application *at once* to the Housing Chairman, 114 East Eighth Street, Fort Worth 2, Texas. State time of arrival (rooms are held until 6:00 p.m. unless other time of arrival specified), mode of transportation, names of those in your party, preference as to roommate, and choice between hotel or tourist court. No single rooms are available. Some rooms will take care of parties of four or five. Rates cannot be quoted at this time, but they will be in line with those prevailing in the Southwest for comparable accommodations. Reservations will be made as nearly as possible in accordance with your requests and as they arrive. No advance deposit is necessary.

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An easy way to clear
\$100.00 CASH
plus 24 Card Tables!



Under this novel plan, your organization can easily earn \$100 and at the same time get 24 handsome, well built card tables! Here's how: Your members simply sell, to local merchants who are glad to cooperate, advertising space on the tops of the tables. You keep \$100 of the money you collect. I send you the 24 tables. No risk—nothing to pay, not even freight charges. Many groups have completed the plan two or three times, doubling or tripling the money and tables earned. Write today for further details.

Nearly 1000 Groups have used this amazing plan. Ideal for Churches, Granges, Lodges, Auxiliaries, Legions, groups of all kinds.

ACT NOW FOR YOUR CLUB

WHAT OTHERS SAY:
Charleston, S. C. "Our chapter has worked this plan three times this year and find it a very easy way to make money and have nice, sturdy card tables to use when we need them. We have cleared over \$400.00."

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Please send full details of The MATHERS Advertising Card Table Plan.

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City..... Zone..... State.....

IT'S UP TO YOU!

by Lillian T. Majally

The last turn has been rounded; we are now on the home stretch of the membership race for our National Federation goal of 150,000 members before the national biennial convention in Fort Worth, Texas.

The first three-quarters of the fiscal year ended with 127,000 members, leaving us 23,000 to go to reach that goal!

That's a lot of members; but we believe we can get them. Our Federation is justly proud of its accomplishments. Again and again in our history a goal established has meant a goal achieved. This must not be the time we fail.

If one member out of every five members brings into her club one new member before June 1, we shall exceed our goal.

Are you that one member in five in your club who will pledge a new member and thus crown our effort with success?

The time is growing short. Counting from April 1, there are only 95 days until the opening of the biennial. But we shall be able to announce that we have enrolled our 150,000 members if each and every one of us does her part.

The citation period ended as of midnight March 15. Many clubs merited the citations for sponsoring a new club, for establishing or extending club membership. These were the clubs which worked early in the club year.

Citations are a symbol of good work promptly done. They are not an end in themselves or the end of membership work; that is continuous.

Upon the clubs, which now put forth an all-out effort to reach this goal of every member in our National Federation, will rest the laurels of victory.

To these clubs will belong the satisfaction of knowing that they made their contributions when the need was greatest.

There is not a single club in all of the 2,100 clubs affiliated with the National Federation that cannot add new members; reclaim members lost during this and previous years; or organize a new club.

These are all means of getting the 23,000 members we need—of reaching our National Federation goal of 150,000 members.

It's up to you. The victory must be yours.

PLEASE ADD TO CANDIDATE DATA IN YOUR MARCH ISSUE

In addition to the endorsement of the Richmond, Virginia, Club of Mrs. Nina Horton Avery for president or vice president of the National Federation, please add the following endorsement of the Virginia State Federation which was inadvertently and most regrettably omitted from the Candidate Data:

Mrs. Nina Horton Avery is unanimously endorsed by the Virginia Federation for president or vice president. At eighteen, Nina Horton Avery was graduated from the University of North Carolina with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. An equalitarian since childhood, continuously active in public affairs and legislation, she has brought singleness of purpose, fearlessness and constructive leadership to the advancement of women. A splendid presiding officer and parliamentarian, a forceful

writer and trained public speaker, of pleasing personality and good platform appearance, she is a natural leader with initiative, vision, balanced judgment, unselfishness, marked ability to get along with people and highest standards of ethics. She does legal work for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company as supervisor of contracts, the only position of its kind in Virginia railroads held by a woman. She is a former president of the Richmond Club and the Virginia Federation. She is now legislation chairman of the Virginia Federation, chairman of the Women's Joint Legislative Committee for Equal Rights, and third vice president of the National Federation. She was chairman of the National Federation's Equal Rights Publication Committee, and has served the Federation as national

representative at four state conventions and two regional conferences.

THE record of service to the Federation of Myrtle C. Venable, presented as a candidate for the Candidate Data Committee by the South Carolina Federation, also inadvertently omitted from the data on candidates in the March issue of *INDEPENDENT WOMAN*, is as follows: Miss Venable, who is now serving her second term as president of the South Carolina Federation, has also served her state Federation as vice president, chairman of the Constitution Revision Committee, finance chairman, and membership chairman. She is a charter member of the Spartanburg Club, has twice served as its president, as its treasurer and vice president, and as chairman of various committees.

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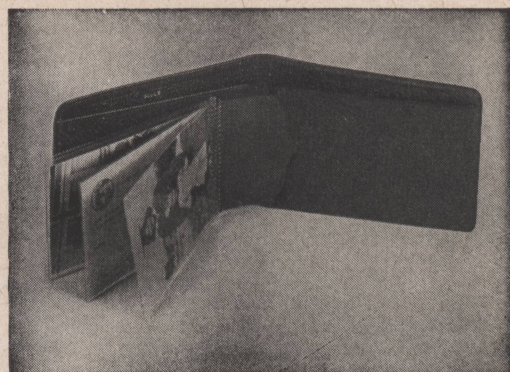
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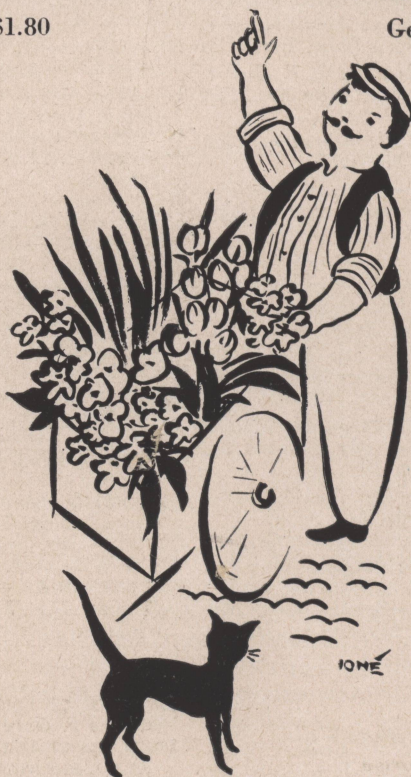
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